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# **Annaline ;**

or,

## **Motive-Hunting.**

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**Consilia callida, primæ specie læta, tractatu dura, eventu tristia.**  
**LIVIVS.**

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# APPALACHE;

or,

## Motive-Hunting.

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### CHAPTER I.

“THE battle raged, when orders were given to my regiment to charge. The tramp and murmur—the quicker step and increasing cheer—the rush and shout—the sudden check—the crash of opposing thousands contending for life, I witnessed occur in rapid succession as I sat wounded on the ground. Smoke and the gloom of twilight began to obscure the pursued and the pursuers. I had forgotten my wounds while excited

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B

by the success of my comrades; but as I could no longer see them and felt the chill dew, I was roused to make an effort to reach some place of shelter; when in the act of rising, I saw a furious charger galloping towards me; on its neck a chieftain still clung, streaming with gore, who fell exhausted close to me, while the steed bounded away over the bodies of the dying and the dead. I fixed my eyes on the chief, who appeared to have breathed his last, and felt, even at that moment, some curiosity to know who the warrior was, since from his dress, his horse, and martial look, I concluded that he was a man of rank. Only a few minutes had elapsed when his eyes unclosed and he slowly looked around. The enemy had retreated, and the tide of battle had passed far onward; we could only hear a distant din and clang, mingled with the retiring thunder of artillery, and the groans of the dying

who were scattered on every side. The wounded man with a sudden effort sprung up, but no sooner beheld the rout of his army, than he sunk down uttering exclamations of despair, and then seemed absorbed in thought. I called to him, and threw him a vessel of water; for he was wounded, and though my enemy it became me in charity to slake the burning thirst that I saw by his quivering and livid lip he endured.

“ He thanked me, and slowly dragged his body towards me, then held out his hand which I clasped as a compact of peace. At length he said, in Spanish, ‘ My race is run; presently my soul will wing its way to the world of spirits; chance has thrown us wounded enemies together; you may outlive me; something within me says that from you I may look for the fulfilment of wishes, on which much of the future welfare of others depends.’ He grew fainter;

but, after some time, recovered sufficiently to say that he was Count di San Marian; that previous to the battle he had placed in his bosom some papers relating to his family, with the forlorn hope, that, if he died, some being would discover them who might make known his fate to those he had left in Spain; for he preferred trusting to the chance of their falling into the hands of one who perhaps would forward them to Spain, than delivering them to any one in his army, since they referred in some particulars to the commander, who would destroy both them and the bearer if he discovered them.

“He paused, and seemed to pray; then continued. ‘I am a man sin-worn and borne down by sorrow; but there is a measure of mercy on high which we know not here.’ At these words his head sunk upon my bosom—he shed some tears; then, faintly articulating

‘Mariana—mercy, Mariana,’ expired. I laid him by my side: while I looked on the stranger’s calm and pallid brow soiled with blood, some natural tears flowed from my eyes. The night closing in warned me to hasten away. I gently loosened his vest, and took from his bosom the following papers, which were wet with the gore which had flowed from his wounded breast.”

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When Annaline had read thus far the manuscript which Sinfano, the father confessor of the convent of Glastonbury, had given her, the Lady Abbess entered, and she closed it.

The Abbess informed her that the Marquesa di Sularia would arrive the next evening to remove her from the convent preparatory to her sailing for South America. She could only express the surprise which was excited by this unlooked for intelligence, then received

the directions of the Abbess, who afterwards left her to reflect on this unexpected occurrence; but she was too agitated to collect or arrange her thoughts before the bell summoned the inmates of the convent to vespers. She hastened to the chapel, and hoped by prayer to calm her troubled mind, and be better enabled to bear the grief she must endure at leaving the companions and asylum of her earliest years.

The last evening ray that shed through the lofty windows "a dim religious light," her fervent silent prayer, and the solemn swell of the deep toned organ mitigated the

Anguish, and doubt, and fear, and sorrow,

that had wandered confusedly through her soul. She returned composed yet melancholy, to bid a last adieu to those whom long affection had rendered dear, and to leave, perhaps for ever, the peace-

ful spot which, from all she had heard and read, she felt no inclination to depart from.

Her unusual depression soon attracted the notice of the sisterhood, who learnt with deep regret that their cherished Annaline was going to far distant regions, perhaps never to return. The night was passed in broken slumbers and in tears ; the succeeding day in hurried preparations. Towards evening the arrival of an avant courier announced the approach of the Marquesa di Sularia.

Annaline knew her protectress only by name ; for years had worn away the faint remembrance of her person which had been imprinted in her infancy. The liberality with which she had regularly supplied her with money, and the more than usual care that had been bestowed on her education led her to believe that the Marquesa would be to her a mother ; an endearing tie she had never felt.



By the sisters of the convent she was known only as Annaline. The Abbess had frequently and solemnly assured her that her knowledge on this point was equally limited. The mystery which veiled her name and lineage, and which had continually occupied her thoughts, she now expected would be explained.

The Marquesa arrived, and was ushered into the Abbess room, where Annaline awaited her. After the usual salutations, she greeted her with that cordiality which is acquired by habit and the example of the worldly great, which neither inspires confidence nor gives an instantaneous conviction that it flows from the heart.

The stately dame said, "I have been long desirous of becoming acquainted with one who has been the object of my solicitude; but affairs of consequence and the recent marriage of my son have induced me to remain at Madrid: I am in a few weeks to embark for South

America—Do not, Annaline, be alarmed when I tell you that you are to accompany me: the intervening time is to be passed in the gay mansion of a friend at some distance from hence, which we shall reach to-morrow. Are you prepared?"

The tone of superiority in which this was uttered sounded harshly. Annaline calmly replied—

"I am prepared to go wherever my Protectress directs; but as some time will elapse previous to your embarkation, and as you are going among those who are unknown to me, may I beg you to allow me to remain among the companions who have become to me as kindred, until the day arrives when I am destined to leave these abodes of peace?"

"My arrangements are made," replied the Marquesa; "besides, I am desirous not only of becoming more acquainted with you, but of giving you an opportu-

nity of tasting the pleasures of life ; so we will depart to-morrow."

This peremptory reply almost brought tears to her eyes ; but she stifled her feelings, and, proposed to conduct the Marquesa to the apartment prepared for her. There some desultory conversation enabled Annaline to observe the countenance of the woman who seemed to possess over her unlimited authority, and on whose protection she was about to depend.

She saw no traits there delineated which told her that affection and sincerity inhabited her bosom, but an unchanging dark gray eye, a close shut mouth, a small aquiline nose, and not a muscle which indicated the prevalence of any passion above the rest. The evening passed heavily. All that Annaline could learn was, that the vanities and grandeur of this world were predominant in the Marquesa's mind. She retired, not to

rest, but to weep with her cherished sisters of the convent a long and last adieu: when the lateness of the hour warned them to separate, and she retired to rest, she gave herself up to sad forebodings; broken slumbers followed, which were disturbed by the unusual noise of the vehicles and horses preparing to bear her away she hardly knew whither or with whom.

The Lady Abbess, accompanied by Frances the bosom friend of Annaline, entered her room, and, pressing her to her maternal bosom with suppressed emotion, gave her some brief advice, ending with these words—

“If the trials to which you may be exposed should steep your bread in tears, remember that here you will ever find a bosom on which you may repose, and an asylum which will be ever open to afford you protection.”

Annaline made no reply, but clasped the good and pious Abbess to her heart; then with her friend implored her blessing.

The breakfast being ended, the Marquesa gave orders for their departure. The sisters, with unfeigned tears, bid adieu to Annaline, who, calm and pale, scarcely dared to articulate farewell; she long clung to the amiable Frances and the Abbess, then hastily ascended the vehicle, which moved on; she waved her hand, while her eyes were fixed on her chosen friend: but no sooner had the dark portal of the convent screened her from her sight than she sunk back and gave way to tears of bitterness.

The Marquesa had watched in silence this melancholy scene; at length she became buried in thought. Some hours passed, during which a few cheering words were uttered by the Marquesa,

and a hope that the gaiety and splendour of Bothal Castle would compensate for the loss she had sustained.

Those tender ties which link heart to heart, and turn a solitude to Paradise, were all unknown to her, cold and calculating she considered them the weaknesses of youth, and the certain proofs of mental imbecility.

## CHAP. II.

SIR HARRY and Lady Eglington had filled their splendid mansion, as is usual among people of fortune, with a heterogeneous collection of relations, friends, acquaintances, and accidental comers. Into the midst of these Annaline was conducted and introduced. It would be difficult to describe the effect produced on her by the formal curtsies and bows of the numerous guests; the unmeaning questions put to her by some of the most forward among them, or the glances which were directed towards her by nearly all of them. It was neither fear nor shyness; she was too sensible to evince the former without a reason, and had too much calm self possession to suffer from the latter: yet she blushed she knew not why, and would have gladly

withdrawn to commune with herself. The Marquesa, accustomed to mingle with the world, soon conversed at ease with her hostess, leaving those of the assembled guests who pleased, to gaze on her at leisure as on some new show.

Lady Eumenia for a short time looked on the group from a distant part of the saloon; then, rising, walked to Annaline, and seated herself near her. In an instant her voice and manner touched the heart of Annaline as chord awakes in chord the "hidden soul of harmony." She looked upon Lady Eumenia, whose maternal brow beaming with benevolence called forth from her a gentle smile, which told her that her attention was understood and valued. Lady Eumenia, being the sister of Lady Eglingham, was privileged to show her the first attentions; and, seeing that she was desirous of retiring, conducted her to her room.

Her pallid countenance and eyes filled



with tears excited an interest in the affectionate Eumenia, which her ardent nature did not attempt to subdue. She took her hand and said—

“ You are unwell, and much fatigued, rest and quiet will restore you : have you travelled far to-day ? ”

“ No,” replied the ingenuous Annaline ; “ but I quitted the only home I ever knew, the only friends I ever had, and am going I know not where with the Marquesa di Sularia.”

Lady Eumenia pressed her to her bosom, while tears that would not be repressed fell from her eyes. She saw with the rapidity of light that Annaline was launched on the wide ocean of life without the gradual training which precept and society mutually bestow, and without a kindred heart to which she could communicate her fears, her hopes, her joys, or sorrows. She cheered her with her tenderness, advised her not to

minge with the gay party until the morrow, then left her with the promise, that in the evening she would bring with her a companion who would accord with her better than the throng to which she had been made known.

Neither the Marquesa nor lady Eglington could induce Annaline to appear among the gay assemblage. At length they left her to indulge in that silent sorrow which does more towards soothing the aching heart than all that can be said or done by others.

The intelligence that she would not appear that day spread disappointment among the motley group. Several of the party expressed their opinions on her retiring in accordance with their dispositions and acquired manner of thinking.

Young Mrs. Kilgrim, who had been lately united to a generous spirited and

gallant young officer, observed to her friend, Mrs. Skipley, that—

“Different motives suggested different conduct, and young unmarried ladies too often thought to excite interest by such unnecessary retirement.”

“Yes,” replied Mrs. Skipley, “she does not think she will shine to-day, since she is evidently unwell.”

“O,” said Mr. Boley, “I never heard of a nun being sick at leaving a convent before.”

“Sick for an enamoured swain,” vociferated Miss Flanker, “the selected friend of Boley.”

The gentle and lovely Irene remarked, “I think indeed that she appears much affected at leaving her friends and the place in which the Marquesa told us she had lived so long.”

The arrival of a vehicle at the door gave a sudden turn to the conversation.

“Who is this? I wonder who this is,”

was repeated by several of the party. Mr. Boley immediately descended the great staircase, which shook beneath his weight, to the hall; then came back as fast as his plethoric person would permit, and, half out of breath, said,

“It’s Captain Marenzo, the Spanish Huzzar, who is going with the Marquesa to—to—

“Be married,” added Miss Flanker, which excited the merriment of the party, and made Boley’s head shake with laughter like that of a short necked Mandarin. Irene smiled more at the folly than at the attempt at wit.

The saloon door opened and Marenzo entered. He was tall and athletic, his lofty carriage, rendered more graceful by the careless folds of his martial cloak, at once bespoke him a person accustomed to the manners of those placed above the common level. He glanced his dark eye round in search of the Marquesa or of

Sir Harry Eglingham; but not perceiving either he inquired of Mr. Boley, who informed him that,

“ Sir Harry was in the stud.”

Irene, with that ease which is inseparably allied to polished manners, arose, and gracefully inclining her head to Marrenzo, said—

“ I will inform the Marquesa of your arrival, and send to my uncle.”

As he opened the door for her to go, he returned her thanks so simply, yet so nobly, that the maiden, as she caught his look in passing, unconsciously blushed. This did not escape the inquisitive eyes of Mrs. Skipley.

The Marquesa immediately hastened to the saloon, and greeted with more than common warmth the young warrior who was to conduct her to her distant destination. Irene and her mother, Lady Eumenia, had both returned, and could not help observing the penetrating and

steadfast look which Marenzo fixed on the Marquesa as she so urbanely welcomed his arrival, and thanked him for the pacquets which he had brought from her son, which instantly occupied her attention.

On the brow of Marenzo was depicted capacity, thought, and a melancholy tinged with tenderness; his mouth was indicative of stronger feelings, with some power of being cynical marked on his upper lip; his face was rendered striking by a well formed commanding nose, and interesting by a scar across his temple, which his dark wavy hair could only partially conceal.

Sir Harry as he entered clasped his hand, and the countenance of the soldier lighted up with animation, which soon faded to its wonted character. They had been educated together. Marenzo had placed Sir Harry while travelling in

Spain under the deep obligation of a rescued life, which his warm heart and grateful feelings told him he never could repay. They retired, followed by the Marquesa deeply ruminating on the contents of her letters.

The door had hardly closed when Mrs. Kilgrim exclaimed—

“What a very foreign looking personage! I should be afraid to meet him in the dark.”

“I wonder,” said Mrs. Skipley, “who he is? he looks so mysterious.”

“It seems to me,” remarked Miss Flanker, “that this dark mysterious Spanish hero looks as proud of his cloak and his person as any great Don Hidalgo that I ever read of, and indeed he has something to be proud of.”

The latter part of this remark evidently displeased Mr. Boley, but he said not a word.

Mrs. Skipley, with an air of raillery, addressed herself to Lady Eumenia, saying—

“ Now what do you think of this Don? for you looked at him more than any body, except Irene.”

“ I can only think,” she answered, “ that his person and his manners, as far as I have seen, are prepossessing.”

“ Of course, Irene, you agree with your mother,” continued Mrs. Skipley.

“ Certainly,” replied Irene, smiling.

The dressing bell summoned them away. Lady Eumenia and her daughter went to Annaline's room; the remainder to their toilettes. Mrs. Kilgrim occupied herself so long at hers, that the first course was served before she entered the dining room. In her anxiety to be seated she *accidentally* placed herself next to Marenzo.

Irene remained with Annaline, who found in her that tenderness which in sor-



sow is beyond all price. She told her of Marenzo's arrival, and described him even more favourably than Lady Eumonia had ventured to express before the others. Irene related with spirit, the different opinions which had been given of him. Annaline expressed her surprise at his having been so coarsely commented on, considering that he was a stranger and a foreigner.

This accorded with her character, for she was gifted by nature with quick and tender affections, a mind tinctured with romance, and susceptible of lofty feelings, and with an understanding at once powerful and calm. She had been taught, by the precepts and example of the Abbess and the sisters of the convent, to expand her heart until tenderness to every creature, and even in every thought, was predominant ; but this rendered her susceptible even to the appearance of harshness. Piety, early instilled into her heart,

had deeply imbued her character with the elevated and lovely principles of humility and charity. Her natural lofty feelings, instead of being evinced by hauteur and reserve, had been led to estimate truth, justice, and sincerity in every thought and action as necessary and invaluable. Study and reflection had convinced her, that the mind which does not strictly observe them cannot have opinions worthy of consideration, or conduct which is consistent with rectitude. Though unacquainted with what is incorrectly called the world, her powerful understanding enabled her to perceive with readiness, whether the conduct and opinions of others were regulated by those principles which alone ensure their possessors self esteem, and make them worthy of confidence and respect. The life she had led had made her not reserved, but habitually retired and sedate ; which, to a superficial observer, might have been con-

sidered as emanating from pride, that supposition might have been strengthened from her possessing a tall and graceful person, a large serene blue eye, and features approaching to the Grecian cast. She was striking without being interesting; commanding admiration, yet captivating to those only who knew her real superiority and could appreciate it. She was more likely to call forth remark than to excite envy, since she was above either requiring or seeking for distinction from her own sex or from men.

It was in vain that Sir Harry and Lady Eglingham endeavoured to animate Marrenzo; it seemed as if his mind continually required exciting, for no sooner did the cause of his momentary exhilaration cease than he relapsed into his half thoughtful melancholy. The star which decorated his bosom had particularly attracted the attention of the Marquesa, so that her eyes repeatedly reverted to it.

At length, after some preparatory apology, she congratulated him on his wearing an honourable mark of distinction, which she had not heard had been bestowed on him, and inquired why it had been.

Marenzo carelessly replied, "for some trifling military success, the results of which were greater than could have been expected: I value it as a soldier, and the gem I highly appreciate because it is the gift of the heir of Braganza."

At these words the Marquesa uttered expressions of surprise, which she repeated with warm congratulations; yet it was evident to him that her first emotion was more than that of ordinary surprise, and her warm congratulations more than were natural to her character.

The observation of the whole party had been attracted by the conversation. Mr. Boley and Miss Flanker exchanged significant glances. Mrs. Skipley was

evidently nervous from curiosity; and Mrs. Kilgrim with *tact* and *taste* expatiated to Marenzo on its lustre and beauty. Sir Harry gaily drank to his success, while Lady Eumenia, who though ardent, and too often allowing her feelings to bias her judgment, looked as if she surmised more than she could have definitely expressed. The party was not as gay as usual; it appeared as if Marenzo was expected to have said much, but he was thoughtful and said little; and, to Mrs. Kilgrim's dismay, did not once address her.

The intense curiosity of Mrs. Skipley could hardly be restrained until the ladies left the room; then she flippantly inquired concerning him, with curiosity which her cunning could not hide, and which partook so little of art that the subtle Marquesa could not subdue a transient smile of pity. "Marenzo," the stately woman said, "is a soldier of for-

tune, his talents induced me to obtain for him a commission in the army, where his conduct has procured him reputation, and will doubtless lead him to high distinction. His brigade is now in South America, and he being charged with dispatches of consequence will escort me to my destination which is on his route."

The manner in which this was said, and the distant inclination of the head when it was ended, checked the intense curiosity of Mrs. Skipley. When the Marquesa saw that she had prepared for a second attack, she arose and went to the apartment of Annaline. This threw her into a state of high excitation, during which she exclaimed, "I am now convinced of it all!"

"Of what?" said Mrs. Kilgrim, Miss Flanker, and several of the party at once.

"Why," she continued, "that the Marquesa can have no other motive for bring-

ing a fine young Huzzar and a young Nun together but to marry them."

"Good gracious!" vociferated Miss Flanker, "that so obvious a motive should not have been evident before, but leave you to penetrate into motives, and you are sure to discover them; I will be bound that the Marquesa has gone to give a fine flaming account of this hero and his star to the retiring damsel."

Mrs. Kilgrim, interrupting her, semi-sneeringly said—

"I knew that she could not, without some motive, remain in her room; and it is clear, as I said, to excite more interest."

"I am convinced from his looks," continued Miss Flanker, "that he is languishing in love by anticipation."

Lady Eumenia sat at her embroidering work listening to, but inwardly smiling at, the wanton idleness of the prating

party ; at length with gravity of manner but archness of mind, she said—

“ I thought, Miss Flanker, that you considered the Marquesa as on the point of marriage with this Huzzar.”

This apple of contention fully occupied the group until Sir Harry’s merry voice was heard on his way from the dining room. Lady Eglington and Irene met them as they were returning from Anna-line.

“ Well,” cried Sir Harry, “ how is our little Nun ? I wish she would come down and be merry with us ; I suppose, Irene, that as usual you have given her more gruel and slops than will allow her to appear for a week.”

The uncle started after his niece, who bounded round the corridor, and was only caught when the combs falling from her hair made her stop and pray for mercy. Marenzo watched the sport, and



while he gazed on the beautiful Irene flushed with exertion forgot his melancholy, and even for a time joined in conversation with Lady Eumenia.

She soon discovered that his mind was cultivated, and subject to the habitual exercise of his reason.

During the conversation Mrs. Kilgrim looked as if she felt something which she had hardly embodied into thought, but which an observer of the human mind would have said, was an incipient wish, originating in a fondness for indiscriminate admiration, to be approached and spoken to by Marenzo. He, indifferent to common place opinion because he knew its invalidity, never bestowed his admiration but where he found the object demanding his esteem and respect. Moreover he was too well versed in the play of life not to see the part the puppet was to act, or too discreet not to wait

until it was sufficiently developed, to prevent him from being made a butt or a tool.

Letters were brought in. Sir Harry opened one and exclaimed—

“Marenzo, Henriad will be here in a day or so.”

At this intelligence joy brightened on his countenance, and he rose to know more of his friend.

“It is in vain,” said the Baronet, “to ask me more about him, for he is as sparing of his letters as a brewer of his malt; he always bestows on me a meadow of margin to a streamlet of type, and then complains of me as an unsocial correspondent. Not long since he sent me an odd volume of the Letter Writer’s Friend, and requested me to copy one now and then, rather than write only three sides of the paper when I could frank a dozen. He is,” continued Sir Harry, “the same

gilded butterfly as he was when we last met at Valladolid."

"A butterfly by day only," said Marenzo, "but a book moth by night; the veriest compound that ever was known to a superficial eye, but he has not two ingredients so blended, but that he can use any one of them as he pleases."

Sir Harry, who had gazed at Marenzo while he spoke, at length exclaimed with jocularly, "I know nothing of your metaphysics; but this I know, that Henriad is the merriest of men who never thinks until he has acted, and never does to-day what he can do to-morrow. But voulez-vous danser, Mademoiselle," cried the Baronet, as he seized the hand of Lady Eumenia, who knew it to be vain to attempt an escape. Mrs. Kilgrim manoeuvred so well as to ensure Marenzo for her partner, and was all hilarity. The dance began, and even he forgot his me-

lancholy, and gaily talked with Arabel who stood next to him. His great politeness to Mrs. Kilgrim very suddenly afflicted her with a sick headache, and she sat down. Miss Flanker was overheard saying to Mr. Boley, "that now she should have the pleasure of congratulating Mrs. Kilgrim on a son in heir."

Marenzo dancing with Irene and Arabel seemed freed from the restraint he had endured with his indisposed partner. Lady Eglingham and the Marquesa had retired to the adjoining drawing room, and passed the evening partly at picquet and partly in conversation on her approaching voyage.

## CHAP. III.

ANNALINE did not gratify the curiosity of the party even the next morning. The Marquesa visited her in her room; no sooner was she seated than Annaline who had prepared herself said—

“ Until now no opportunity has occurred in which I could ask you to relieve my mind from a weight which has borne heavily upon it ever since my reason began to dawn. To you I am indebted for every comfort, in a word, for all I have enjoyed in life, and to you I still look for protection, now let me entreat you to tell me who I am, who were my parents, what my country.”

“ This request,” replied the Marquesa, with a tone of affection, “ is what I expected; do not, my Annaline, allow the brief narrative I am going to relate affect you; I ever have and ever shall consider

you as my child. When my husband was recalled from the government of Cuba and on the eve of embarking for Spain, a letter was presented to me by a female, who evidently had seen better days, begging me to grant her a passage to her native country in my train.

“ She appeared in ill health ; the boon was small, I granted it. I saw no more of her until we were under sail, when she came to me bearing in her arms an infant ; she thanked me for herself and her child ; I asked for her husband, he had been a soldier who had fallen in battle. Her gentle manners and the affection she evinced for her child interested me : her health declined ; what comforts could be procured on a voyage were supplied her, but in vain, she soon wasted away and died. I directed my attendants to cherish her infant. In the course of time the fondness of the child for me induced me to consider it as my own. No trace re-

mained of the mother excepting that her name was Annaline Velávo. I need hardly add that you are that infant, and I trust that you will be a comfort to my declining years."

Some silent tears traced each other down the cheeks of Annaline, who had listened to this tale with a degree of interest which only one so situated could feel. At length she calmly said—

"The mystery is but half unveiled. I am indebted to you too deeply for aught save unceasing gratitude ever to repay; perhaps in South America we may learn more of Velávo's fate. I may too perchance find some kindred to tell me who my mother was. It is a matter too harassing for me to dwell on; until then let it not be mentioned."

The Marquesa's features underwent no change; yet it required much of Annaline's firmness to withstand her penetrating eye, which seemed to search for her

inmost thoughts, as if to detect any transitory doubt which might have arisen almost involuntarily. But she could only discover simplicity of mind accompanied with deep anxiety.

The entrance of Lady Eglingham and Lady Eumenia checked for a season the current of her thoughts, and enabled the Marquesa to retire. They proposed to Annaline to accompany them in the carriage for a few miles, as the freshness of the air might invigorate her. She prepared to go with them.

No sooner did this intelligence reach the saloon than Mrs. Skipley appeared in the corridor, and on some excuse whisked twice round it, with the hope of gratifying her unbounded curiosity. Miss Flanker, Mrs. Kilgrim with the rest of the party filled the windows of the saloon to catch a glimpse of Annaline as she ascended the carriage, for it was dusk when she arrived, and her veil



had entirely concealed her face. The account given to them by Lady Eumenia and Lady Eglington had excited their idle curiosity; the arrival of Marenzo and the caution of the marchioness had wrought it to a high pitch, and being unemployed they amused themselves and others with conjectures which had no definite foundation, and were not intended to do injury, but which are the germs of suspicion, and the origin of attaching motives to the actions of others, which make individuals the subject of conversation, and often give a false bias to the opinions of the society in which they are promulgated, until the innocent suffer, and calumny and prejudice usurp the place of justice and charity.

The carriage had not been gone many minutes before the sound of a horse's tread attracted the attention of the party in the saloon; Mrs. Skipley was immediately at the window and exclaimed—

"It's the Spanish hero."

In a moment the whole party was contemplating Marenzo mounted on his Spanish jennet pursuing the route that Lady Eglingham had gone.

"The bait has taken," cried Mrs. Kilgrim significantly, as she resumed her seat.

"Well, Mr. Marenzo," said Mrs. Skipley, "your motive for coming here and riding there is plain enough; I would have gone by the other lodge and met them as by accident, instead of giving regular chase: if I were a young nun I should not like such an unromantic proceeding, and would worry you for a week for the misdemeanour."

Miss Flanker said, "He has a mind to be married before he sails, and therefore goes the shortest way to work."

Mr. Boley emphatically, yet in a low tone of voice, remarked—

“That the less delay on such subjects the better.”

This speech Miss Flanker pretended not to hear. Mrs. Kilgrim exchanged glances with Mrs. Skipley; the latter, turning to Irene, said—

“As demure as usual, cousin; is it not quite plain that the whole is a scheme of the Marquesa, who seems about to write a thick folio to her son?”

“The latter part of your remark, Mrs. Skipley, is, as far as I have foundation for judging, more probable than the former, since the Marquesa is writing to her son, and may go on so doing for a week: but I do not think Marenzo is aware that my aunt and the rest of the party are gone out; for he has been engaged the whole morning in Sir Harry’s study, and is now going to meet my uncle, who desired me to tell Lady Eglington that they might not be home

before night, and to apologize to Mr. Batholik when he comes for not being here to receive him."

"Mr. Batholik to be here to-day?" said Mrs. Kilgrim. "O, he is a delightful man, and so profound that nothing escapes his observation."

His person and character were now made the themes of conversation; and his arrival was looked for with eagerness.

Sir Harry, Marenzo, and Mr. Bevirode, an old friend of the former, who was on a visit at the Castle, met, and were in earnest conversation, when a sudden turning of the road brought them close to the carriage.

"Now for the nun," cried Sir Harry, then stopped the vehicle.

The calm and beautiful countenance of Annaline checked his gaiety; he saluted her with the polished manner

which his buoyant spirits made him often neglect: he then introduced Marenzo to her; the sudden admiration which for a moment was evinced by his look called a transient blush to her cheek. He simply expressed the pleasure he had in contemplating his voyage with her and the Marquesa. He spoke the truth, for thoughts glanced through his mind too rapidly to detect their immediate connexion, which made him think of that with pleasure which only a moment before he dwelt on with heaviness of heart.

The parties separated.—Sir Harry immediately said—

“That’s the sweetest creature I have seen for an age; we shall have all their noses out of joint at home depend on it, Marenzo.”

“My locks are silvered o’er with age,” cried Bevirode; “but if I were to be her fellow voyager to South America, long

before I was there I should wish to sail  
down the stream of life with her ; ah,

Would proudly swear if Heav'n should give  
That heart within my arms to live,  
In every clime the gem to clasp,  
And hold it to the latest gasp.

“ There you go,” said Sir Harry ; “ I  
suppose that’s a quotation from Rumfus-  
tico’s Collection of Ballads ; you’ve an  
epitome of such songs in your head ;  
you’re sixty if you’re a day, and yet a  
Lothario.”

“ By my life, such a sight makes me  
but eighteen : who is she, Sir Harry ?”

The baronet archly replied, “ Ask Ma-  
renzo, who looks as if he had not yet  
rearranged his thoughts which have been  
scattered by this beauty’s eyes like a  
covey of partridges by an ounce of small  
shot.”

“ Eglingham, your simile has called  
them together again, or they might have

wandered far a-field—She excels all that romance and nuns and nymphs ever brought into my imagination.”

“Quantum suff, quantum suff,” shouted Sir Harry; “I shall hear no more dolorous lamentations about heavy seas, soup of peas, horrid cots, rolling shots, and the deuce knows what; you will now be ready to sail north, south, east, or west, though you should be haunted even in your dreams by those two gray basilisks the Marquesa’s eyes.”

“Talk not of them, Sir Harry, nor cast a grain of alloy into the pleasure I must reap from the society of such a being.”

“Well,” said the baronet, “it would drive away sea sickness to look at her.”

“I wish you,” said Bevirode, “rolling for an hour in a calm swell in the Bay of Biscay for that speech—to jumble partridges and sea sickness, rolling shot, and pea soup, with thoughts on such a

creature, deserves even a worse punishment."

Sir Harry's triumph amused him. They hastened onwards.

Before the party reached the Castle Marenzo had expressed his surprise to Sir Harry at the sudden orders he had received to join his brigade, and at the permission he readily obtained immediately afterwards to go to England and await farther orders, with the understanding on the part of the minister of war, that the Marquesa was to be escorted by him to Spanish America. He could only solve the problem by attributing it to the influence of the Marquesa's son, who had allied himself to a near relation of the Spanish minister's: yet some circumstances had occurred which had excited suspicions that the influence of the Marquesa had been used for farther purposes than he could penetrate.



The mind of Marenzo possessed that infallible characteristic of true greatness, simplicity; at the same time it was too powerful to indulge in suspicion; even where foundations existed to sanction it, and those supported by actions and manners, he could with difficulty bring himself to suppose that others were capable of acting as he could not. The subject was one which he sometimes considered as a chimera raised in his mind by the tales of an old loquacious huntsman. At other times he thought it too serious not to demand his consideration, yet one which, if true, would require both time and caution to develope. The Marquesa's urbanity would have lulled him to inaction if it had accorded either with her character or previous conduct; but as it did not assimilate to either, it, almost against his will, brightened the latent sparks of suspicion which had been

smouldering in his bosom. While revolving these thoughts in his mind the party reached the Castle.

Mr. Batholik had arrived. They found him in the saloon surrounded by a coterie of ladies, consisting of Mrs. Kilgrim, Mrs. Skipley, Miss Flanker, &c. Mr. Batholik warmly greeted Sir Harry, while he assured him that they had been endeavouring to ascertain,

“How the beautiful lake in the park was filled with water; and that none of them could fathom the cause, which seemed immersed in profound obscurity.”

“In very great obscurity,” replied the gay baronet, “by water running down hill, for there are springs about two-thirds up the opposite bank, which are never exhausted: but tell me, my philosophical friend, what are the profound causes which excite in me great hunger after abstinence, air, and exercise?”

“That would take him so long,” said

the lively Arabel, "that ere he had ended you would be famished."

"Then," said Sir Harry, "I'll go and dress before he begins."

The merry party dispersed, while Mr. Batholik asserted that Sir Harry had declared from his earliest years open hostility to all philosophy."

"Excepting the epicurean, and only one part of that I could ever understand," said their host, as he went along the corridor.

Mrs. Skipley was dressed and in the saloon before any of the party, for she hoped that Annaline might come down before dinner, and gratify her curiosity by giving her an opportunity of conversing with her alone. But the Marquesa, who had quickly seen the superficialities of these youthful triflers, was too well acquainted with the human mind not to know that their curiosity would probably excite a similar feeling on some points

in her young protégée : though she knew that their characters and intellects would never permit her to become intimate with them ; she was aware that her simplicity would make her the dupe of their curiosity and the object of their surmises ; and therefore determined to separate her from them as much as possible ; and when the first favourable opportunity occurred to give her some insight into their dispositions and prevailing conduct.

The Marquesa was too subtle to attempt to check the springing affection between her and Irene, since her character was too elevated to allow her to lower it in the opinion of Annaline ; and her retiring manner had not permitted even the Marquesa to discern the understanding or warm-heartedness which lay concealed. Sometimes she feared that Lady Eumenia and Irene would soon gain that affection and confidence, which would not only lead them to draw their

own conclusions, but to communicate them to Annaline.

Mrs. Skipley's curiosity was roused at every step she heard approaching the saloon, and was, each time the door opened, disappointed. It was not until the party was seated that the Marquesa (who had requested that she might not be waited for) entered the dining-room with Annaline, who, unaccustomed either to so much splendour or to the gaze of so many strangers, blushed as she seated herself. The elegant simplicity of her dress accorded with her person, and her gentle manners, heightened by natural dignity, acted as a spell even on the buoyant spirits of Sir Harry, whose courierlike conversation soon restored her to herself, and to which she replied with so much naiveté and sense that he was beguiled to pay her almost undivided attention.

Mrs. Kilgrim now and then attempted

to join them, but her attempts were as awkward as those generally are which are made from a pervading desire to equal or outshine those who have either greater ability or readier talent, and who are the immediate and favoured objects of attention; so she stammered, at times coloured, and was uneasy, and even inferior to what she usually was, and felt inclined to undervalue Annaline only because she herself had not succeeded.

The ladies when they had retired crowded round Annaline to offer her their congratulations on her recovery, to examine her dress, and to gratify their curiosity by indirect questions asked with an air of polite concern. These questions she considered sincere, though they surprised her, as they were new to her.

Mrs. Skipley's curiosity having led her to inquire indirectly of Annaline concerning her family, the Marquesa sum-

moned her into the adjoining drawing-room ; before she went Mrs. Skipley had been checked by the unwilling replies and evident agitation of Annaline.

No sooner had she obeyed the Marquesa's summons than they huddled round the fire and eagerly began to utter their opinions. Mrs. Kilgrim commenced—

“ Depend on it, she is not so very simple ; if you had heard her conversation and seen her manner with Sir Harry, you would agree with me that she knows more of quiet flirting than most girls of her age—Do you think her handsome, Miss Flanker ? ”

“ Very insipid,” replied the damsel ;  
“ and yet she looks as if she would be somebody. I'll warrant you that she has flirted through the grate of the convent, and when there was nobody else coquetted with her father confessor ; don't tell

me about a nun's simplicity; I would as soon credit it as that Eloisa was an old maid—mind me, we shall see."

Mrs. Skipley observed, "I must say that she is handsome, but as full of hauteur as ever she can be: didn't you see what an air she gave herself when I asked her in what part of America her father lived?—There's something about her I can't comprehend; but with Mr. Batholik's assistance I will find out.—Mr. Marenzo's silence was very suspicious."

"You are going farther in your remarks than you are justified in doing," said Lady Eumenia warmly, as she approached with Lady Eglingham, who sanctioned what she had said.

"O, you would take the part of any body," replied Mrs. Kilgrim.

"In this instance," answered Lady Eglingham, "there seems no necessity; I think you had better wait a little longer



before you lay the foundations of dislike."

"Her manner of flirting with your husband is quite enough for me," retorted Mrs. Kilgrim.

Lady Eglington blushed and smiled; Lady Eumenia looked displeased, and walked with her sister towards the drawing-room.

"No one," rejoined Mrs. Kilgrim, "can make a remark on any body, however obvious, but Aunt Eumenia must be their champion—Now isn't it so, Mrs. Skipley?"

She assented.

During this conversation Irene and Arabel had remained silent; at length the former said,

"I like what I have seen of her very much; and I think her very handsome."

"So do I," said Arabel; "but I wish she was not so grave; if convents make one grave, I should not like to be in

one." She then bounded off, half forcing Irene to go with her to the adjoining room.

Lady Eumenia and Lady Eglingham had joined Annaline, whose sweetness and simplicity allayed the transient feeling which Mrs. Kilgrim's remark had excited. Their conversation was interrupted by the arrival of Sir Harry, warmly and jocularly disputing with Mr. Batholik, who was gravely asserting that—

"The Greeks were a very original people, and seemed, as far as he had read and reflected, to have attained a higher degree of civilization and more knowledge in less time than any other people that had ever existed."

"A rabble rout!" cried Sir Harry, seizing and squeezing the hands of both his nieces, "were they not?"

"O yes," they both exclaimed.

"Now do be serious," said his anta-

gonist, "and give me fair play; the subject is worthy of it."

The Baronet exclaimed—

"Why, not one in a thousand knew A from an apple tree," at the same time again squeezing the hands of his nieces, who immediately reiterated, "Not one in a thousand!"

"There you see, they all agree with me."

"Now do be sedate, my friend," said the half irritated Mr. Batholik.

"That's more than they were," hastily and gaily said the Baronet; "a volatile whiffling race, semi-barbarous in their manners, ungrateful in their hearts; and those who were not fighting or learning to fight were gabbling profound nonsense:" his squeeze extorted from his nieces the echo of his words, "profound nonsense;" which was seized by him as a signal for fun. "O, you say that I talk

nonsense ;” and as he uttered the words carried them off in high glee, leaving Mr. Batholik smiling with a self satisfied air of triumph. He was roused by the voice of Mr. Bevirode, who threw down the gauntlet by saying, “I totally differ from you.”

“I am surprised,” said the sage ; “but here I am at my post armed at all points and ready for attack or defence.”

“And, like Achilles, invulnerable, I apprehend,” said Mrs. Kilgrim, who had followed her magnus Apollo into the drawing-room. The compliment was received with a gracious smile.

“Well,” said the champion to Mr. Bevirode, “what have you to say against the sublime systems of Grecian philosophy?”

“What?” quickly replied Mr. Bevirode ; “Why, my old friend Gale, in his Court of the Gentiles, says, that the main springs of Pagan philosophy were ‘but

some broken Judaick traditions adulterated and poisoned with their own ignorant inventions, curiositie, pride, presumption, confidence, contentious disputes, opiniativeness, dogmatisings, carnal policie, idolatrick inclinations, and fabulous imitations.' Were not these the great prolific principles of all their philosophy?"

"Preserve me," ejaculated the sage, "from such heresy! you might as well have said that their Homer was not the father, and I had almost said the creator of poetry."

With eyes sparkling with fun Bevirode, to his antagonist's amazement, said, "No, we have Job before him; a magnificent poem, founded on patriarchal tradition, containing the sublimest truths, and proving in fewer lines than Nestor's speech the attributes of Deity, which neither Grecian nor any other human philosophy could discover—ah, and writ-

ten in all the varieties of the most perfect Hebrew poetry."

"Give me his patience," said Mr. Batholik, "to bear this—The land of the almost divine Plato."

Mr. Bevirode, with affected solemnity, added—

"Quite divine: he recommends the Greeks, in his Perfect Republic, to consider all other nations barbarians and natural enemies, to be slain at pleasure like rats or partridges—and with consummate delicacy and purity of sentiment recommends a community of wives."

Marenzo, who stood near, amused with the debate, now entered it; and, to the invulnerable champion's great dismay, gaily said—

"Blind Mœonides is to me sublime, and full of fire and interest, and is a painter of scenery more true than Claude or Poussin; but ere he wrote some bards surely must have lived, since his style is

perfect, his verse in structure without an equal, and contains perfect examples of all that poetry admits beyond prose, which is more than one man could achieve. It has been suggested that there existed in central Asia a polished people, from whom the Pelasgi received some of their knowledge."

"Indeed," said Mr. Batholik with an air of compassionate consideration for such an opinion, "I never heard of them"—

"Beautiful as his verse is," interrupted Bevirode, "I do not think it without an equal; it wants the invariably perfect epanados of the Hebrew, its concise and irresistible antithetic parallelism, and its complete climax or anticlimax, though the taste of Homer led him to do what our modern poetasters seldom hit on by accident, when his verse did not trammel him, use in perfection the epanados. Specimens are also to be found in the He-

brew, of choruses in construction the same as those used by the Greeks."

The countenance of Mr. Batholik, portraying pique, incredulity, and affected suspension of judgment, so tickled the fancy of Marenzo that he humorously declared—

"They were a thieving race, both by land and by sea, in arts, sciences, and literature; even their architecture was derived from the temple at Jerusalem; it is perfect in the most ancient specimens, and human ingenuity has never been able to improve it; and neither Greece nor Rome nor Napoleon had as effective and as perfect a military system as the despised Hebrews: they had twelve courses of militia, each consisting of twenty-four thousand infantry; cavalry they were not permitted to use; each course did duty for a month, and were kept trained when not on service; their



officers were their fathers and heads of families, and tribes; so that the commanders and soldiers had each other's honour mutually at heart."

"You surprise me," said Mr. Batholik, evidently chagrined.

"You called them thieves," said Arabel, who with Irene had been listening. "Yes," continued Marenzo, "they stole all they knew and all they had; the knowledge, particularly that of natural theology, they obscured by every species of absurdity; and, like complete masters of their trade, carefully concealed whence they derived what they so shamefully spoiled; even their boasted Pythagorean philosophy was a second and a spurious edition of a sect called the Essenes. Plato, Maximus Tyrius, and Zeno recommended lying, particularly to wise men, as advantageous and convenient."

Annaline gently added—"Remember

that all the institutions of the Hebrews were derived from the highest source; they were under a theocracy."

Miss Flanker jogged Mr. Boley's elbow.

"You have held forth long enough!" vociferated a voice from the saloon; "send Plato and Pythagoras to the Styx; I'll dissolve that nest of Stoics standing round the fire, and convert you into Peripatetics walking here to dance; so march in double quick time."

His presence put Irene and Arabel to flight, and even Lady Eglingham was obliged to make off as her husband exclaimed—

"I'll convert you into Bathylli, whose blithsome dancing faculties were as much like my profound friend's intellectual faculties as the hare's like the tortoise."

Mr. Batholik took the accidental compliment, and, bowing, said, "Slow and steady wins the race."

"It was evident," whispered Mrs. Kilgrim to Boley, as they were proceeding to the dancing-room, "that Mr. Batholik did not choose to combat the tirade produced by way of argument against him."

He replied; "Indeed I think exactly with you: but what do you think of the young nun's piece of learning with that hard name in it?"

"Very simple," remarked Miss Flanker with a sneer, "very simple indeed; Eloisa talked Latin, didn't she?"

"No, Dutch!" uttered a voice from behind the door, which proved to be Sir Harry Eglingham's; he had concealed himself for the purpose of catching by surprise one of his nieces. As he passed he shook his head, while a cloud of displeasure crossed his brow; for he had an instinctive contempt for meanness in whatever way it showed itself; the sight of Arabel carried him away from the discomfited group.

## CHAP. IV.

SOME days elapsed, during which the candour and amiable manners of Annaline began to weaken the inclination which existed in some of the party to attach to her conduct motives which were at variance to both her disposition and that noble simplicity which had laid the foundation of affection and friendship in the hearts of Lady Eumenia and Irene. The estimation in which she was held by Sir Harry excited similar sentiments in Lady Eglingham, though her natural warm feelings were checked ere they beamed on Annaline, by the indefinite hints of those who were, they knew not why, inclined to think unkindly of her of whom they knew so little.

The lively Arabel loved the nun because she saw no reason to dislike her :

the depressed spirits of Annaline were often raised by her vivacity, though the conduct of Mrs. Kilgrim and some of the others tended to render her unhappy. The Marquesa, seeing that she did not comprehend the cause of their behaviour, took an early opportunity of giving her a general warning to be cautious in all she did and of all she said. Annaline's earnest entreaties to the Marquesa to be more explicit almost excited suspicions of her sincerity; for this woman by nature, education, and habit, seldom either said any thing or even allowed herself to betray more than she wished might be implied, and could not readily believe that any one had as confined an acquaintance with the littleness of the human mind as she appeared to have. She was however more convinced when, after telling her that several individuals amongst the guests were inimical to her, she saw first her surprise and tears, and then

heard her so earnestly entreat to be allowed to return to the convent, that her entreaties from her calm and half indignant manner were almost commands. It was with difficulty that the Marquesa pacified her. During the conversation she discovered that she had a being to direct whose understanding and force of character were great. She saw that it would be necessary to keep Annaline in ignorance of the world as it is constituted, since it would enable her to maintain a greater ascendancy over her, as knowledge would enable her to appreciate her power of mind. To prevent her force of character from thwarting her views, she determined on fostering her humility and piety, and of acting towards her the part of a warm and affectionate friend, with the hope that it might also elicit her confidence. The Marquesa's communication recalled the promise she had made to her friend Frances, to write

to her before a week had passed: she now fulfilled it.

“OFTEN and often, my beloved Frances, have I longed during this tedious week to be again among my cherished and peaceful sisters, to again press you to my bosom, and pour into your heart every thought that arose, to again wander heedlessly through our shadowy bowers, listening to the whispering wind, to again hear those solemn sounds which at eventide came from the choir and lifted our souls to heaven, or to listen to the histories or nightly prayers of our revered Abbess.

“Here, amid splendour, I find many toiling to obtain amusement, occupying themselves in almost childish remarks, which seem to have no farther end than to unveil the imperfections of those whom they, alas, call friends, without endeavouring by affectionate admonition to

improve them, in preparing dresses to decorate their persons, or in reading light books of fancy. No morning and evening sacrifices are offered up to the Author of all our blessings, to the Protector of all our steps, or to that Divine Being who offers us immortal life and happiness.

“I should now like to tell you of two among the number revelling here, whose souls are in harmony with mine, but I will postpone it until I write again. My heart has been made to throb with the account the Marquesa has given me of my sainted mother; she was an unknown soldier's wife called Velávo, who fell in battle in the region to which we are going, and there I may perchance learn more of Velávo's fate. My mother, worn down with illness, care, and grief, died at sea in the ship which bore the Marquesa from Cuba. She has since pre-



served me and been to me as the nearest kindred. This is all I know of my parents and my lineage; time may develope more. I feel desolate and oppressed; for though I love Lady Eumenia and Irene, they are not to me yet what my long loved Frances was, and is, and ever will be; and, Heaven forgive me, but I cannot feel the same confidence in the Marquesa as in our revered Abbess; time may excite it. I feel I am oppressed; for some here are inimical to me, at least so the Marquesa has told me: I have never injured them, or said aught unkindly to them; if I have unconsciously offended them, I would ask their forgiveness if I knew in what my error consists. I will pray for them and hope that their anger will subside. I will soon write again. Give my tenderest affections to our Abbess and the sisters, and think of your affectionate—ANNALINE.”

"The hours have passed unheeded by you, my young friend," said Lady Eumenia as she entered; "my brother, Marenzo, and Irene are already in the court yard on their horses waiting for you."

Annaline with the assistance of her friend was soon ready to join them. Before she reached the court the sound of the great dinner bell had pealed on her ears. As she appeared, Sir Harry said, as he dropped the rope,

"I knew the sound that would bring you to us, and was certain that the castle dinner bell was in tone the same as your vesper bell; and so it has proved, for if I had not turned clerk and tolled it, we might have waited until dark for you."

She smiled at his happy good humour, thanked him for his summons, and lightly vaulted, with the assistance of Marenzo, on his managed jennet, and they left the castle.

Marenzo had studiously avoided appearing interested about the fair companion of his voyage in the presence of the party at the castle, since he saw the inclination that existed to misinterpret Annaline, and perceived that his careless yet retired manner began to render him a person rather avoided by the little cabal of the saloon, and that his preference for the society of Lady Eumenia was a subject of remark. Yet he had taken many opportunities of conversing with her, and had more than once with her joined Annaline and Irene in their walks. He had become deeply interested about her, and thought with Lady Eumenia that some mystery respecting her was yet to be developed. He was aware that the confinement of a ship would seldom give him opportunities of seeing her alone, and he had become anxious to hear all he could relating to her before they sailed. Irene had informed him of the Marquesa's

account of her birth and parentage, of the retired life she had led, and of the ignorance in which the Abbess had been of every thing concerning her. The Marquesa had spoken with apparent frankness of her to him, and had sometimes expressed anxiety for her welfare.

Circumstances which had occurred to him in Spain, his sudden orders to go to South America, and the previous knowledge which the Marquesa evidently possessed that he would receive those orders, had awaked in him suspicion both of the Marquesa's sincerity and of her intentions. His powerful understanding once roused to action was now stimulated by the interest he felt for Annaline, and he employed it in attempting to penetrate the Marquesa's latent views. He had observed that her apparent frankness occurred when Annaline was the subject of conversation ; that her communications wore the appearance of having been com-

posed, since the ideas were more formed than those which occur in accidental conversation, and were conveyed in language which was the result of previous thought. These slight circumstances led Marenzo to think that the Marquesa had reasons for making these communications, but which were not yet enough developed to allow him to decide whether they related to her or to himself.

The circumstances which had happened to him in Spain fully justified his using the utmost circumspection in all he did and said, and the keenest and least perceptible observation on the manner and words of the Marquesa. The accustomed steadiness of his look gave him the power of scrutinizing without exposing him to suspicion, and his apparent carelessness of manner put even the Marquesa off her guard. This carelessness he continued after his interest for Annaline had been awakened, hoping to lull her into

supposed security, and thus give him a vantage ground from which to observe her motions. This conduct was most painful to Marenzo; though (as was stated) ample foundation had been given for more than ordinary caution, but which in all probability would not have been practised by a character like Marenzo, if he had not become interested about the fair companion of his voyage, and influenced by the belief that the Marquesa's views related to them both; this belief, the opinion of the Lady Eumenia had strengthened, and also the anxiety which the Marquesa betrayed, notwithstanding her studied attempts to conceal it, when she found Lady Eumenia and Marenzo associating with Annaline.

Sir Harry, soon after the party had left the castle, began to rouse the mettle not only of his own steed, but also that of Irene's, until at last he galloped off with

his niece for the mere pleasure of leaving the others to discover their way through the woods. Marenzo finding himself alone with Annaline did not attempt to follow them, but with natural openness conversed with her on their approaching voyage, on their meeting, and of the Marquesa being the friend of both. He then stated his surprise that the Marquesa had not acquainted him with her reasons for going to America, and inquired of Annaline if she knew them.

She, as it were involuntarily, reined up her steed for a moment, as if some thoughts had visionlike swept across her mind, and replied—

“No, I am totally ignorant of her plans, and am going I know not whither. O, was I again within my convent walls! my soul is heavy as if with a presentiment of misery. May Providence protect me.”

As she uttered these words she cast

her eyes to heaven with an imploring look, that fired the soul of Marenzo, who suddenly and ardently exclaimed—

“Consider me as your brother, and as the means appointed by that Providence you depend on to guard and to protect you; be calm, and remember, that we must submit to the necessity of existing circumstances.”

“Good-morrow to you,” said several voices at once, which startled them. Mrs. Skipley, Mrs. Kilgrim, and Mr. Batholik stood beside them, having immersed from a narrow and unobserved cross path. Annaline was suffused with blushes. Marenzo collectedly returned their salutations, and asked if they had not seen Sir Harry pass that way, as he had galloped onwards with Irene.

“We have not even heard the trampling of their horses’ feet,” said Mr. Batholik with a smile, his eyes half closed, and an inclination of his head. Mrs. Kil-



grim and her companion with ill suppressed simpers looked at them both.

"Then we will try and catch them;" said Marenzo, as he touched his horse with his armed heel, which made the animal spring forward. Annaline's jennet followed its companion, and they were soon out of sight.

Marenzo first broke the silence, and said—

"That rencontre was unfortunate, for they certainly heard our words, and may attach to them a meaning far different from the true one; it cannot signify much, since in three weeks we shall be stemming the billows of the ocean. Come what will of it, deem me from this hour, by all that is sacred, your brother."

Annaline, after some effort, replied with emotion—

"Your ardent words and manner have alarmed me, your questions and evident perplexity at what concerns us both have

filled me with apprehension and doubt; your offer, I believe, flows from the noblest source, and I thank you with grateful feelings. But why should I anticipate any thing but maternal conduct from the Marquesa? How can I allow unfounded apprehensions to assail me? I will go to her and ask her more than I ever have before thought of. Why should I suppose that the party we met should doubt that we have been accidentally separated from Irene and Sir Harry, or should, as you say, attach an untrue meaning to the words they may perhaps have heard? I am aware I blushed, but know not why I did, and I am confused and made unhappy by your conjectures. Why was I ever taken from my abode of peace to be made the object of conversation and suspicion, and to be borne away to unknown regions? I will again solicit to be sent back to my home and to my sisters of kindred spirits with my own."

Marenzo learnt from these rapidly succeeding thoughts that her mind had been more affected than she was herself aware of, by all that had happened to her from the day she left the convent ; and that her inexperience of the world had led her to pour out the fulness of her wounded feelings. He did not at the same time observe, that his confidence in her had made him say more than his experience would justify. It seemed as if his mind, which had been kept in an unnatural state of tension, returned to its simple form the moment it could do so with safety. He made no reply to her, but her words, her voice, her affliction made him silently vow with a spirit of true chivalry to be her watchful guardian unto death. They rode on in silence.

No sooner had the party seen Marenzo and Annaline far out of hearing, than Mr. Batholik gravely observed—

“ It is evident that we must keep secret, at least for a time, this very extraordinary

discovery; we must also be watchful of the conduct of these young persons, and if any circumstances yet more suspicious should transpire, it may be expedient to communicate them to either Lady Eglington or to the Marquesa di Sularia."

Mrs. Kilgrim continued, "Hem, very pretty simplicity, Miss Nun, 'we must conform to the necessity of existing circumstances,' were the last words he said, that is, when translated into our native tongue, we cannot run away yet."

"Well, they would make a nice match," remarked Mrs. Skipley with a laugh.

"If they intend a match," sneeringly said Mr. Batholik, accompanying his remark with a slow shake of his head.

"O come, come, you go too far," said Mrs. Skipley.

The profound looking gentleman rejoined; "My age and experience give me grounds for my opinion."

Mrs. Kilgrim added, "The gravity of

the one and the nun-like simplicity of the other are rather suspicious circumstances; and you know that I was always doubtful of this semi-sanctified damsel and that grum looking Don nobody knows what, with his Braganza star."

Mrs. Skipley whispered with affected solemnity, for she could not forbear quizzing Mr. Batholik.

"Depend upon it they are on their way to Gretna Green, and are disputing on prudentials—but look, who comes here? a couple of doves cooing; let us remain in ambush and rush out, we may have more 'conforming to the necessity of existing circumstances.'"

The three placed themselves behind a thick holly and observed Miss Flanker leaning on Mr. Boley's arm, casting on him sidelong languishing looks, while he tenderly pressed her hand. As they approached Mrs. Skipley standing on tip-toe and with "ears erect," repeated—

"I hear him ask, 'when shall it be?' Now Flanker casts her eyes on the ground. 'In three weeks?' says Boley. I declare she says, 'If you please.' O, he is kissing her; but one could hear that a mile off."

"This is too much," said Mrs. Kilgrim, "what shall we do? we shall be discovered."

At that moment the happy pair turned down the main road. The party remained silent, then resumed the path, and called out to the lovers as if they had just caught sight of them. They were both a little confused, for they knew the trio too well not to suspect that they had been overlooked.

"Dear, how lucky! we've been hunting for you every where," exclaimed Miss Flanker, as she ran towards them with a quicker motion than accorded with her corpulent frame.

The confusion and exertion did not

add to her beauty, for she was by nature coarse in mind and body, distinguished by thickset limbs, large hands and feet, a neck that prognosticated apoplexy, a nose not many degees superior to that of an Ethiopian's, eyes somewhat angularly placed in her face, a large mouth with thin lips, symptoms of a double chin, and red hair. As soon as she had recovered her breath she continued—

“Do you know that Don Hidalgo and Miss Demure are out riding together?”

“Indeed,” said Mrs. Kilgrim, “which way are they gone?”

“Their own way, I suppose,” added Boley with an affected nonchalance which betrayed itself from being accompanied with a silly look.

As it threatened to rain they all turned towards the castle.

While this scene was passing Marenzo and his companion were roused by loud shouts uttered by Sir Harry. They has-

tened to whence the sound proceeded and found the Baronet nearly stifled with laughing, at a curricule with a wheel off, the road strewed with the broken fragments, parcels, and bags, Mr. Bevirode, seated on a dock-eared pony, that a few minutes before had thrown him into a heap of soft mud, with admonitory gravity spouting to a gay handsome youth, who stood contemplating the ruin with a mixed expression of waggery and regret;

“Sunt quos curriculo pulverem Olympicum Collegisse juvat.”——

To which the youth mournfully replied;  
“You ought to have said pulverem Bothalicum, but

“Tu nihil invita dices faciesve Minerva.”

which again set the Baronet’s risible muscles in motion.

“Hò, Henriad,” cried Marenzo. The



youth started, forgot his broken curricule, and clasped the hand of his friend, then turning to Mr. Bevirode, whose figure had made him the object of their merri-ment, said—

“ Now, old Collegisse juvat, what have you to quote ? If the wheel had not departed this life when it did, it would have prevented this meeting of friends and nymphs divine” (bowing to Irene and Annaline), “ and perhaps have sent me as a proxy, at the very first rut we encountered on entering that semibarbarous district of Bothal Castle, for the state of the roads is a fair proof of the state of the country.”

“ Out upon you,” interrupted the Baronet, “ you know no more of driving than Phaeton ; you ran against a rock as big as the Eddystone, and then libel my roads. The ladies from the castle drive about them in perfect safety.”

“ Ah,” whispered Henriad to Marenzo

as he picked up some of the fragments, "if they are all like what you have brought, the castle is enchanted, and what will become of me?"

"Be enchanted too," replied his friend.

"Very well; I like doing as others do," rejoined the buoyant Henriad.

Bevirode contemplated his hat, declared an epitaph should be written on it, lectured his cropped-ear nag in Greek, the uncommon sounds of which made the animal move with unusual quickness the remaining stumps of its auricular organs, then assisted in collecting the baggage and placing the vehicle in safety. This done they sped their way to Bothal.

Annaline rode with Irene, who perceived that something had happened to her, but waited until an opportunity should present itself before she inquired the cause of her uneasiness.

During the evening Mrs. Kilgrim's manner was a little embarrassed and

rather consequential towards Annaline, whose sensitive nature could not conceal the effect it produced, since she believed that it arose from the accidental meeting in the morning.

While Sir Harry was exciting the hilarity of the party, Mrs. Kilgrim, doubting whether she would tell the Marquesa of the morning's adventure, walked into the drawing-room, and was standing near her ladyship before she was aware that she was writing in the room, and who, putting aside her writing, entered into conversation and asked—"How Annaline had borne the fatigue of riding?"

The accidental opportunity of communicating the adventure, the latent wish to appear of some consequence, and the habit of talking about whatever she saw or heard, and had no personal interest in keeping secret, overweighed her better judgment, which whispered to her to be silent, and she replied—

“O, very well; we met her and Marrenzo.”

“No one else?” calmly inquired the noble dame.

“No one,” answered the inexperienced Mrs. Kilgrim.

The Marquesa instantaneously perceived that she laboured under some embarrassment, which she immediately removed by condescending and easy affability, and some short common-place remark; for she saw that it was the usual manner of young and inexperienced people when they are about to communicate what more mature reflection would have told them to keep secret. After a little hesitation Mrs. Kilgrim continued, in a low and studied tone—

“If your ladyship’s questions had not led to it, I do not think that I could have brought myself to make known to you a circumstance which transpired this morning; my being a married woman may

perhaps be some sanction for my so doing."

"I feel assured," replied the Marquesa, "that Mrs. Kilgrim can have no intentions but the kindest for making known any thing to me." The Marquesa assumed at the same time a more than usually serene look lest her curiosity should be betrayed.

Mrs. Kilgrim continued, "This morning Mrs. Skipley and Mr. Batholik were walking with me in the chestnut grove. The sound of horses feet attracted our attention. We proceeded towards the road by a deeply sheltered pathway. I perceived your fair charge and Marenzo in earnest conversation. His voice was high, accompanied with very energetic action. The distance was too great for me to hear the substance of his words until quite near to me, when I assure your ladyship that I distinctly heard him say, 'We must conform to the necessity

of existing circumstances.' Their confusion at finding us close to them is better conceived than described. Your ladyship's experience and knowledge of the individuals will enable you to form your own conclusions on this extraordinary circumstance. It was the opinion of Mrs. Skipley and Mr. Batholik that the whole should, at least for a time, be kept secret; yet I am happy that I have been led to mention the circumstance to you; if I am wrong in so doing, let me solicit your ladyship's pardon."

The Marquesa, who was really concerned, but did not attribute to Annaline the hollow founded motives insinuated by this sagacious young lady, immediately answered, with a warm pressure of her hand—"The information of friends on these matters is most valuable: Mrs. Kilgrim has my thanks; and if she should perceive any thing confirming the opinion

she has formed, the communication will be esteemed."

Mrs. Kilgrim left the Marquesa as if complete success had crowned her enterprise, and little thought that she was henceforth a spy of the Marquesa's for purposes far different than she suspected.

Lady Eglingham had retired to her boudoir early in the evening, where she had been joined by Mrs. Skipley, who had communicated the whole rencontre to Lady Eglingham, who at first laughed at it; but her opinion of Mrs. Skipley's acuteness, and the earnest manner in which she spoke of the transaction, at length weighed with her, and she began to hazard some indefinite conjectures on the motives of Annaline's conduct.

On Mrs. Skipley's return she learnt from Mrs. Kilgrim that she had been induced by the Marquesa's questions to tell her of the morning's adventure.

Though Mrs. Skipley was mortified at not having been made a partner in the communication, she concealed her chagrin, and agreed with Mrs. Kilgrim that Mr. Batholik was quite wrong in wishing to keep the matter secret, and that such proceedings should not be allowed to pass unnoticed.

Lady Eglingham on her way to the saloon some time after met Mr. Batholik in the corridor (who had just dispatched a servant with a note to the Marquesa requesting the favour of a few minutes private conversation with her in the study) and asked him to return with her to the boudoir; there she informed him of what Mrs. Skipley had related. The profound gentleman hesitated, and then said—"I think it somewhat premature; but I intended to tell your ladyship when I had reflected on the means which would at once be the most effectual and most gentle of saving so shocking an exposure.



I will renew the conversation with your ladyship at some future period."

On his walking towards the saloon he met Mrs. Kilgrim and Mrs. Skipley going to the boudoir, and before he could address them the servant returned with the Marquesa's compliments, and that she awaited him in the study. The ladies blushed and appeared confused; at length Mrs. Kilgrim said—

"I have found it necessary to mention slightly to the Marquesa the adventure of the morning."

Mr. Batholik, evidently mortified, remarked with some warmth—"It would have been more *comme il faut* for me to have taken that step, at least I might have been consulted beforehand;" then hastily proceeded.

Mr. Batholik had long been desirous of receiving more notice than he had from the Marquesa, and believed that his object would be gained by making known

to her in private the scene which he had witnessed between Marenzo and the victim of their suspicions.

The Marquesa won the offices of the profound informer, and added an injunction against conversing on such matters with youth and inexperience.

Though Henriad had been cheerful after his arrival, he did not give the rein to his exuberant imagination, or carelessly revel in all the wantonness of playful mirth.

The melancholy which shadowed Marenzo's brow tempered his spirits; for his warm and generous heart could not feel its wanted buoyancy while care appeared on the countenance of his friend.

In addition to this, Annaline's gentleness of demeanour and uncommon style of beauty had attracted his attention and made him seek her conversation, rather than as usual be the first to promote the

dance or while away the hours in harmless fun.

Sir Harry, not finding the party so ready for hilarity as usual, proposed music, and conducting Irene by her sash as a prisoner, placed her at the harp. She with flying fingers touched the chords to a martial air, which brought the fire to Marenzo's eye; the sounds melted away in a warrior's dirge. The listeners were silent for a time. Sir Harry then asked Annaline to sing; Henriad seconded him. She accustomed to acquiesce when refusal was not necessary immediately complied and sung.

YE forms of air, that around us hov'r;  
Bear from the heart of each absent lov'r  
Vows and hopes when they are pure and bright,  
Like thoughts that live in the souls of light;  
They're proofs that the beaming shafts of love  
Have pierc'd our hearts from the realms above;  
They're proofs that our guardian angels fain  
Would add our souls to the heav'nly train;

For of passions which with mortals dwell,  
Alone love says that from heaven we fell;  
Then come, forms of air, for angels wait,  
With quivering wing at their dazzling gate,  
On their lips to bear those thoughts within,  
So free from earth and the taint of sin;  
Remember that kisses steep'd in dew  
Are paid by angels for vows when true.  
Come, forms of air, away with the prize  
To its own native home in the skies.

The simplicity and taste with which she sung the air charmed Sir Harry, and he exclaimed with natural warmth—"Once more, once more."

Her voice had attracted the party round her; she complied with the request and repeated it. Praises were bestowed on her by them all; Mrs. Kilgrim was among the loudest to pay her the tribute so justly due.

As she was walking away, Mr. Batholik said to her in a low tone of voice—

"We must conform to the necessity of existing circumstances."

His eyes were usually directed towards the ground, but as he repeated the words he raised them and they met Marenzo's, whom he had not observed close to him. The warrior's eyes flashed fire, while his lip curled with scorn; he drew a deep inspiration, curbed his rising wrath, and strode away. Mr. Batholik's cheeks were for a few moments dyed with crimson, then the blood forsook them, and his heart sunk within him. His companion bit her lip, looked confused, withdrew her arm from his, and endeavoured to compose herself in the adjoining room by turning over the leaves of a book.

The circumstance had been noticed both by the Marquesa and Lady Eumenia. The former was satisfied by it of the truth of what had been officiously told her, and was convinced that the interpretation of the narrators was incorrect, since indignation and scorn are never suddenly portrayed by conscious guilt; they may be assumed.

Lady Eumenia saw that something had taken place which would probably lead to consequences that might render both Annaline and Marenzo unhappy; from that moment she determined on devising methods for preventing it.

After the party had separated for the night Marenzo went to the room where Henriad slept and related all the occurrence to him and asked his advice. Henriad, noble, young, rich, and without care, was ever gay and apt for merriment; but when friendship called for his assistance, want implored him, or duties were to be fulfilled, he evinced a powerful understanding, quick perception, and a heart full of firmness and tenderness.

"Mr. Batholik," said Henriad, "is a weak man, who is fully persuaded of his own superiority both natural and acquired, his inordinate vanity and conceit lead him to act mischievously, but not with evil intention; therefore, were I in

your place, I should either allow the matter to pass over, or take some decided yet private means of preventing a repetition of such conduct. If you do the former, it may give him courage to proceed and thus foster the inclination which those little chits of women have to annoy others and make themselves enemies. If you pursue the latter, it may give a colour to his suspicions, and introduces Annaline's name with yours, which under any circumstances had better be avoided; yet if it is not stopped, she may be made unhappy; your detection of his meanness may perhaps check his continuing to surmise and suspect."

Marenzo thanked him and replied—

"I will by my manner give him to understand that the rod is kept suspended over him and ready to lash him if necessary."

On the following morning Lady Eumenia sought Annaline, and with can-

dour and gentleness related what she had heard from Lady Eglington, and what she had observed take place between Marenzo and Mr. Batholik, and repeated the words he had used. She immediately said—

“ He repeated them correctly; and Marenzo remarked at the time, that it was unfortunate that they overheard us; but why I know not; and I am resolved to importune the Marquesa to allow me to return to the convent: since the day I came here I have been unhappy, and should have been more so, if it had not been for your own and Irene’s kindness. I am watched and suspected by persons who do not know me, and who have no reason for the manner in which they treat me: tell me, my friend, if I have done aught to offend them.”

“ Nothing, Annaline; the curiosity and unkind behaviour of those you refer to does not arise from dislike, offence, or



any of your actions, but has its origin in a want of knowledge of your character, from their being young in years and still younger in worldly knowledge, and from mere thoughtlessness and idleness attributing motives to your conduct on appearances. This you will meet with in life whenever you associate with the young and frivolous, or with those more advanced in life who are prejudiced and ignorant. Do not suppose, my young friend, that you will find all you meet in the world as good and as disinterested as the sisters of your convent. I will endeavour to prevent a repetition of what has so justly annoyed you; in the mean time be indifferent to their manner, and avoid giving foundation for remark."

She rejoined—"Hitherto the very foundations have been accidental; and unless I shut myself up in my room others may occur. Would it not be right to speak to the Marquesa?"

"I should be sorry, Annaline, to advise you to conceal any thing from her; but for a few days I think it would be better for you to be silent."

The conversation was interrupted by Marenzo, who, greeting them, said that he was Lady Eglingham's envoy extraordinary sent to summon them to breakfast.

They found the gay Henriad inveigling Mr. Batholik into an argument, while Mr. Bevirode and Sir Harry were waiting with fun ill suppressed on their countenances until they could join the dispute. The presence of Annaline roused Henriad to more than usual exertion, and he began—

"So, Mr. Batholik, you consider that which in us thinks to be necessarily immortal."

"Philosophically speaking I do."

Henriad continued—"Yet let me more clearly understand you; that which we

call the soul, our sentient part, you consider immortal—necessarily so—and you could of course advance what you deem sufficient reasons for thinking so.”

“Conclusive reasons, I presume,” replied Mr. Batholik with emphasis and gravity.

“Remember,” said the gay youth, “that which had a beginning might have an end. But for the sake of discussion I will grant you your position. Consciousness and memory are the foundation on which we build our belief of having souls.”

“Truly so;” replied his antagonist with equal gravity.

“Now, my friend, jocularly aside, have not horses, dogs, and monkeys, &c. consciousness and memory?”

“O Henriad, you’re trifling,” answered the grave philosopher; “all these things in animals are resolved into instinct.”

“Nay, Batholik, the ass knoweth (i. e.

remembers) his owner, and the ox his master's crib; an elephant being chased is conscious that it is not the animal hunting it; a dog gnawing a bone is conscious that it is not another dog coming to take it from him: therefore, if consciousness and memory form the foundation on which we build our belief of having souls, the same reason exists for concluding that animals have them."

"Tut, tut, and I suppose they go to heaven too," said his antagonist laughing.

"You are going too fast," interrupted Henriad; "we have not arrived at that question yet—You say that *all* their actions are to be resolved into instinct, let me know your definition of the word."

Mr. Batholik rejoined—"I would add to instinct, association of ideas—to define is very difficult, so I leave it to you."

"I take up the gauntlet," said Henriad, "Instinct is an impulse implanted by Pro-

vidence which compels every animal of the same species when unrestrained and under the same circumstances to perform the same operations."

"Are there not some variations?" inquired Mr. Batholik.

"There may be," said the buoyant Henriad, "but I know not any of them; I have heard of beavers and bees, &c. applying the *knowledge* they have gained by *experience*, when impeded in their instinctive operations; thus if you place an obstacle in the direction in which bees are building their combs, they will pass the obstacle from the shortest distance to the part which protrudes beyond their line of building; if you put a rock into a beaver's house, he will accommodate himself to circumstances; but the instinct remains invariable. But really, Batholik, do you think that *all* the actions of animals are derived from instinct?"

“And association of ideas,” said Mr. Batholik.

“They have,” continued Henriad, “the senses through which we receive all our ideas in perhaps greater perfection than ourselves; we might therefore conclude that the impressions of ideas received through their senses were stronger than those we have; but as I have not patience to go on step by step, I will at once offer a glaring example of the conduct of a number of animals, which is *not* derived from *experience* but from *instruction*.”

Here Lady Eglingham exclaimed—  
“Henriad, you are going too far, and becoming quite serious.”

Some more of the party seemed to acquiesce in this opinion; others expressed a wish that he should go on, among them his opponent—He therefore continued—

“The example I will give is a known

fact, which has a perfect parallel in some actions of men, and which no animals of the same species would perform unless they had been instructed. Let fifty boys be assembled in a school-room; to each boy belongs a number or a name; the door of an adjoining apartment is thrown open, where a monitor stands and calls the number or the name of each boy: the rules by which the school is governed forbid, on pain of punishment, any boy going to this adjoining apartment before his name or number is called by the monitor, or loitering after his name or number is pronounced. It is presumed that no one will be bold enough to say that the boys act merely from *instinct*, or from simple reminiscence and association, but from reason. When fox-hounds are to be fed, the door of an apartment adjoining the yard in which they are assembled is thrown open; the huntsman stands and calls at his pleasure each dog by its

number or name; no dog presumes to enter the apartment before it is called, or to loiter after the huntsman has summoned it, from the fear of punishment. Now it is evident that the parallel is perfect; and it follows that if the boys act from ratiocination that the dogs must also. The whole performance of any animal is of the same nature as that of a human being performing in what is usually termed dumb show: if we admit that an actor performs a part in dumb show from an effort of reason, we must admit that the horse performed its part from using a similar faculty."

"I did not know before that my fox-hounds were such clever fellows," cried the Baronet; "I'll have them into the study to be taught logic every morning. But, friend Batholik, if the hounds or horses can be instructed, then they must have minds, since what we call matter



cannot be instructed; recollection, fidelity, affection, &c. have no connexion with the necessary properties of matter, and so must be derived from an immaterial cause: then, as you and Baxter and Ogden say, because the mind is immaterial it is immortal, and my dogs and horses are all immortal."

"Ah, Miss Annaline, I've been watching you," said Sir Harry; "What do you think of my dogs going to heaven?"

Annaline smiling replied—"Whether they will go to heaven or not I leave you to say; but I have been taught, that one of the great arguments from the light of reason, in favour of a future state of existence, is deduced from our observing the inequality to which man is subjected, the worldly prosperity often attained by the wicked, the poverty, misfortunes, and adversity which often afflict the good, as reasons why we should believe that there

is a future state of existence, where all distinctions will be done away, where the weary and the miserable will find rest, and where the wicked will no longer be able to trouble and oppress. If there is any validity in this argument when applied to man, there must be equal validity in it when applied to animals; for it is clear that there is great inequality in their conditions, that some endure want, oppression, and perpetual slavery, while others are amply supplied with food, kindly entreated, and seldom made to exert more strength than invigorates them and keeps them from disease and pain. Therefore if *Justice* demands that in a future state of existence there should be retribution for us, so Justice would equally demand retribution for animals."

Henriad's eyes sparkled with joy, and he exclaimed—

"With such an ally against you, Mr. Batholik, what will you do?"

“In truth I have fearful odds against me,” said the philosopher. The remainder of the party were silent, and had become rather interested in the discussion.

The Marquesa heard Annaline’s remark with a degree of surprise which she could scarce conceal.

Marenzo now recommenced the conversation by observing—“Animals have mental passions and affections like ourselves, anger, gratitude, affection, aversion, grief; and their dispositions are almost as varied as those of men, and they are capable of being excited, restrained, and instructed by means as various as their dispositions.”

“What you have advanced,” said Mr. Batholik, “may be true; but it does not appear that animals have conscience, which tells them the difference between right and wrong; and I think with Locke that they cannot reason abstractedly.”

Mr. Bevirode remarked—“That it

would lead them from the main line of the argument to enter upon the question of what *degree* of ratiocination they have, it was evident that they could not,

Mount where science guides,  
Weigh air, measure earth, and calculate the tides.

“But,” he continued, “man is responsible for the use he makes of his passions, affections, and faculties; and though animals are inferior to man in the scale of existence, yet it cannot be said that they are not responsible according to the degree of perception they may naturally possess, or have attained by instruction of right and wrong; for a horse that kicks in the stable evinces fear after he has done so, in the same way that an urchin does who has thrown a stick or a stone at you. There appears as little conscience in a savage who kills, without a reason, his human victim and then devours it, as in a beast of prey.”

"The argument," said Lady Eumenia, "has been carried farther than was intended, and we seem to be now on ground which may be called an undiscovered country."

"True," replied Marenzo; "but those who deny the probability that such may be the case should *bring reasons to prove* that animals do not exist in a future state. *Assertions, suppositions, and references to general opinion* are of no avail."

"At least," said Irene, "by such discussions we may learn not to despise any creature that is endowed with life and with faculties, though very inferior, yet similar to our own, and which may be allowed by an all benevolent Creator to continue in existence: there seems no reason why they should perish, they may not be more inferior to us than we are to the highest orders of angels."

"Well, I shall never think," said Miss Flanker, "that animals have any reason,

or can think, much less live hereafter ; whatever may be said I shall never alter my opinion."

The party soon after separated, Mr. Batholik remained alone ; for the occurrence of the preceding evening and the unexpected opposition he had met with at breakfast had the effect of damping his spirits. He found Henriad too quick and ardent for him to keep pace with. He began to perceive that we do not live in an age in which dogmas are to be advanced and received as true without farther inquiry, and an opinion is to be passively submitted to because it is supported by a great name, or because it is general.

The day being wet and stormy some went to the music room, some to the study, others to the cloisters. Annaline being unwell went with Irene and Arabel to an inner drawing room, where she lay wrapped in shawls on a sofa near the

fire, either allowing her thoughts to range as they listed, unconscious of the associations which linked them; or sometimes conversing with Irene or laughing at the sallies of Arabel.

Henriad and Marenzo, who were loitering through the castle examining the various works of art which decorated the walls and adorned the niches in the corridors, entered this retreat without being aware that the room was occupied.

"I like adventures," said Henriad as he approached the group, "and find myself suddenly in an enchanted hall, from which I shall be unwilling to depart."

"What makes it enchanted, cousin Henriad?" asked Arabel.

"The fairies that inhabit it," replied the youth.

"I see no fairies," rejoined the playful girl.

"O," said Irene, "he means the Cor-

reggios, the Raphaels, the Murillos, and Claudes."

Henriad with emphasis affirmed, "I mean Arabel and—"

"Me!" cried the laughing girl, interrupting him, "I am solid flesh and blood and cannot creep through keyholes and play pranks with Oberon's courtiers in the air."

"If you are not one, Irene is," cried Henriad.

"No, no, cousin," she replied, "I am not a flirting elvin either, but a sedate earthly person wearing shoes, stockings, and cloaks."

He then exclaimed, "If you both deny your race and lineage, Annaline must be one."

"Again you are wrong, we nuns can never be converted into fairies, they never say Ave Marias or attend the summons of father confessors."

Henriad emphatically asserted, "You



are all three fairies who have assumed the human form only to torment our race."

"A very lame retreat," said Arabel, "you had better success in proving dogs and monkeys logicians to Mr. Batholik's satisfaction than that we are fairies."

"Whether fairies or not," observed Marenzo, "you have the power of deluding us and making us believe that you are."

"Do not stop there," added Arabel, but go on, "you are not what you seem."

"Nay, I did not mean to say so," rejoined the Spaniard.

"It looked very much as if you did," said Irene archly.

"Indeed," cried Marenzo, "I think women are——"

"Angels with a spice of the devil in them, or devils with a spice of the angel," said Sir Harry as he came suddenly into the room.

Surprise and laughter ended the conversation.

Both Irene and Arabel had put down their work preparatory to escape in case of attack ; they were not wrong, for Sir Harry made a spring at Arabel who nimbly avoided him, and he fell on the carpet. In an instant shawls, cushions, work, and the chairs were on the fallen Baronet, and his nieces had flown away to the amusement of Annaline and the other disputants. Sir Harry leapt up and sought revenge, leaving Annaline with Marenzo and Henriad.

Not many minutes elapsed before a summons arrived from the Marquesa to Annaline requesting her attendance, which she immediately obeyed.

She found the Marquesa in the boudoir of Lady Eglingham. Her light footstep did not warn her of her approach, and she perceived severity and care depicted on her brow, which at first appalled her.

No sooner did the stately dame perceive her than she smiled, and spoke with so much kindness that the apprehension she felt was removed.

“I have only waited,” said the stately woman, “for a favourable opportunity to give you proof of my confidence and affection for you. Until now I did not possess the information which was necessary to enable me do so. Doubtless you have been surprised that I have not mentioned the purport of my voyage to South America; this I should have done, but it was only yesterday that I received from the Spanish court my final instructions. I am also charged with a mission by the Queen of Portugal, who has for many years honoured me with her friendship. The purport of this mission I am not, of course, permitted to divulge, but if I should die and you should survive me, a cabinet containing certain papers must be taken by you in person to the queen,

who will for my sake protect you. Now, Annaline, I am going to speak to you on another subject which my age and our relative situations fully authorize me to do. I have perceived that Marenzo seeks your society. I am aware of his superiority both in mind and beauty; but I am also aware that he has gained the affections of one in Spain who will look anxiously for his return; after this hour I need not warn you to guard your own heart: I know you to be incapable of attempting to deprive another of what they deem their greatest treasure."

Annaline was agitated, and said, "I trust that no actions of mine have given you reason to suppose that such warning was necessary."

"None, Annaline," replied the Marquesa, "but Marenzo seeks your society, and has loitered with you alone, and used emphatic language to you; my affection

for you induces me to show you the danger in which you are."

"The expressions used by Marenzo," rejoined Annaline, "related to his want of information on your ladyship's reasons for leaving Europe, and some of attention to me."

Here the Marquesa fixed her eye on Annaline, whose blushes told that his words bore a stronger meaning than attention, but she at the same time concluded that the young soldier had only expressed himself more warmly than Annaline liked to repeat. It was the former part of the sentence that she would have willingly probed to its secret spring.

Annaline with great agitation continued. "Add, add but one more kindness to all that you have shown me, and allow me to return to my convent and there pass my days in retirement and peace, for I find myself an object of sus-

picion and dislike, and feel no inclination to mingle with the world."

She could no longer suppress her tears.

"Cast aside," said the Marquesa, "all care for the conduct of the silly beings who suspect you without a cause, and try to dislike you they know not why: a few weeks more and we shall separate from them for ever. Willingly would I grant your request, but circumstances will not permit me; besides I will not believe that you would desert me when I most require you: ingratitude will never be the fault of Annaline. In a short time these tiresome people will cease to molest you, but give them no reasons by encouraging the attentions of Marenzo."

The Marquesa pressed the hand of Annaline and left her. Soon afterwards Lady Eglingham entered, and finding Annaline in tears endeavoured to console her. She tried to smile, but tears that come silently from the wounded spirit

will gush forth like rain from the wintry cloud, though broken gleams of sunshine try to deceive with the hope that all will be serene. Lady Eglingham returning to the saloon met on her way Lady Eumenia and Mrs. Skipley, and remarked that Annaline was crying. The former hastened to her, but Mrs. Skipley returned to the saloon and in a half subdued tone said to Mrs. Kilgrim and Mr. Batholik—

“ She has had a thorough lecture from the old Dowager and is crying in the boudoir.”

“ Indeed,” said Mr. Batholik, “ I am glad to find that the Marquesa has not been told in vain.

“ She deserves it,” said Mrs. Kilgrim ; “ these simple nuns must be chastised when necessary ; I hate hypocrisy : pray let me hear no more of her simplicity, she was stretched on the sofa just now talking to the Spaniard and Henriad ;

for my part I wonder what Henriad can find in him to be so fond of; he is very heavy."

Mrs. Skipley's curiosity being roused, she eagerly inquired "Did you see her?"

"O yes, en passant," replied the former; "and as to her being ill I think she only wants a little convent discipline to put her to rights, she was laughing and flirting, I think very improperly."

"Hem," articulated Mr. Batholik as he significantly shook his pericranium.

After Annaline's departure from the drawing room to attend the Marquesa, Henriad and Marenzo remained some time silent. If an attentive observer had been present he would have said that a mixture of feeling and undefined thoughts of a similar nature occupied the minds of both, and restrained for a little time their freedom of intercourse. The beauty of a picture or some other trifling circumstance called forth remark, and in an in-



stant the embarrassment ceased to exist. Neither of them spoke of Irene or Annaline.

They continued wandering through the spacious pile until they reached the quadrangle round which the cloisters were built. They perceived the Marquesa and Mr. Batholik in close conversation walking from them, who as they turned saw them approaching. Marenzo's countenance underwent no change, he fixed his eye on Mr. Batholik who could not meet its overpowering firmness; he blushed, bowed, and passed on. The Marquesa turning again said—

“ Marenzo, I have had letters from Spain; unless you have any other engagement, meet me an hour or two before dinner, for I have something to tell you.” He assented and they separated.

The friends continued their walk for some time without exchanging a remark, when Marenzo broke the silence.

“Henriad, I am not wont to suspect, because it would be considering another guilty of that which I am incapable of myself: yet when concurring circumstances accord with the manner in which certain characters would act, when many things accidentally transpire which relate to those circumstances and are apparently derived from the same source, and the whole referring to some important personal consideration, it would be neglecting to use the reason which is bestowed upon us not to observe with caution the individual whom we think the author of the plot, and weakness not to receive with doubt every communication.

“I am said to be under the deepest obligations to the Marquesa di Sularia. Until lately I believed I was, and my heart beat with gratitude and devotion. But a series of circumstances have occurred, which lead me, perhaps erroneously, to conjecture that some great rea-

sons have been the cause of the patronage and care which I have received, and of the manner in which my paths even in my military career appear to have been traced out. My sudden departure for the new world seems to threaten a total overthrow to the plan I had laid down for the purpose of attempting to develop that which at least has the appearance of a mystery."

"Marenzo," said the ardent Henriad, "you surprise me, almost alarm me. Remember you have in me a friend ready to aid you with all my heart and all my fortune."

"Hold, Henriad!" replied Marenzo; "you are my friend, and feel to its utmost verge all that belongs to that hallowed name, and I know that you would do all that could be done to aid me."

He continued. "You are aware that I am considered to be the son of that Marenzo who died fighting over the

wounded Marquess di Sularia, and that in remembrance of the sacrifice of my father's life I have been protected by his family."

"That," said Henriad, "I have ever believed." Marenzo went on.

"About two years since I was weary with the chase: on reaching a refreshing mountain spring which fell into a natural basin, I felt inclined to bathe and then to sleep beneath the spreading shade of the surrounding trees. Pedro the chasseur, who attended me, assisted in unburthening me of my hunting weapons and dress. While thus occupied he said—

"Ah, some five and thirty summers have passed since the former Prince of Braganza and Count San Marian reached this very spot; we had parted company early in the day with the main body of the chase, and with four or five hounds followed a wolf to within a bow shot of this fountain. Ay, it was Margos, yon

rough hound's great ancestor that followed the wolf down the cave we passed below, and never came back, the other whelps would not follow far, but stood and bayed and whined: the opening was small, and a few feet within it was dark; so after a while we left the spot and came here, and 'twas under that oak that the prince and my master slept while I watched, and then they disputed who should watch while I slept, and not being able to decide they laughed, and put two sticks of unequal lengths and drew for the longest. The prince lost and stood sentinel; he was to wind his bugle if dangers threatened. I was very tired and slept sound, but was roused by a blast as loud and clear as any blown at Roncesvalles; but my master was up and his sword unsheathed before me, for he was warm of heart and ready of hand: ah, his greatest fault was that he was over fiery, quick to remember good, and as quick to

revenge an injury. The prince said, 'I saw down the glen,' while he pointed to yon cork trees hanging over the bed of the torrent, 'I saw down the glen an armed man, and I think I saw him beckon.' 'One of our party, prince,' answered the count, 'has like ourselves been separated from the chase and benighted among these wildernesses.' Scarce were the words spoken when the moon beams glanced on a coat of mail. I halloed 'Who goes there? speak, or a ball will make you.' My speech was answered by a shot which cut the bugle from my side; in a moment another followed which slightly grazed the prince. 'Down, down,' said the count, 'until we know the numbers of our foe,' we bent beneath that fragment there, and saw come up a band of five. 'Out upon the ruffians,' said the count; and, springing from the rock to the knoll, cleft the skull of the foremost, while the prince leveled with a

ball the next, and I was hand to hand with a skilful and a brawny dog, who would have had masses said for me, but Count Julian as he passed helped me by giving him a back handed cut ; two still stood their ground, but one fell headlong into the torrent bed, for I hit him with a ball. The other leapt and ran so fast that he escaped us, for guilt gave the rascal more than natural speed."

I was so interested with this adventure that the words were engraven on my memory as he spoke them, and I forgot the intention I had, and urged him to go on. Old Pedro obeyed me, and thus continued—

"We all came back ; the count turned upwards the face of the man whom he had brought down : the light of the moon gleamed on his gory visage. The count started and exclaimed, ' Prince, it is Count Napoli, who vowed vengeance against me for bearing off his sister from

the convent in which she was a young novice; had I known that it was Napoli, I would rather my blood had dyed the earth than his.' 'Marian,' rejoined the prince, 'he came like the wild beast by night to glut his vengeance: he deserved his fate; but since the King of Spain would avenge his favourite's death, and as our consciences are clear, it would be as well to bury his infamy and your misfortune in oblivion; we will put the carcasses into the cave where the wolf fled, and if you can depend on Pedro, the secret is our own. The wretch who escaped will never for his own sake tell the tale.' The huntsman then said with more than common warmth, 'I on my knee swore on the cross of the prince's sword never to tell the adventure while they lived. He gave me gold. The prince has long been dead, and I heard say that Count San Marian, peace to his soul, died in the Indies far away, but I never learnt



more about his death. One came here some twenty years since, who said he knew him and had seen him dead: he was often in deep consultation with my master's mother; many was the time I tried to speak to him, but never could; and he went away, and I believe never has been back. Ah, my young soldier, I could tell many a tale; but he who speaks least is safest here.'

"Your tale, Pedro," said I, "is a curious one; I will not mention it in Spain, and would advise you not to do so. I then continued to undress and plunged into the refreshing water. Pedro looked at me intensely. I asked him why he gazed on me so wistfully; he replied, 'Ah, the tale I have told has perchance confused my old brain; but for a moment I thought you looked like my old master, and struck out just as I remember he used.' I smiled, and afterwards with my hounds soon fell asleep, and dreamt

with varied combinations the tale Pedro had related."

"The story," said Henriad, "is wonderful enough; but how does it relate to you?"

"I will tell you," replied Marenzo: "but here is Bevirode coming from yonder cottage; and I will venture to affirm that he has made the sorrowful forget their grief."

"He has," said Henriad, "the best heart I ever knew; and his natural simplicity always clashing with his acquired knowledge makes him a very amusing companion."

Bevirode joined them, and their conversation was varied until they reached the castle.

## CHAP. V.

THE Marquesa requested the attendance of Marenzo as soon as she heard of his return to the castle. Before he obeyed her summons he prepared his mind to listen with attention and receive with mistrust all that she might communicate. He had scarcely seated himself when she said—

“ Nothing, Marenzo, can give me greater pleasure than communicating intelligence to one whose interest I have so deeply at heart as your own ; it was with difficulty that I could refrain from coming out to meet you ; and if I had not been too much fatigued by listening to and walking with the sage Mr. Batholik, I should have followed the inclination.”

He thanked her for her kindness ; she then continued—

“ You are appointed to the command of the brigade you were going to join. The account of the death of your superior reached the minister of war when my son was with him, and he immediately solicited him to promote you : by serving you he has highly gratified me.”

The unexpected intelligence gave pleasure to Marenzo ; he expressed his thanks, but in so qualified a manner that the subtle dame relaxed her usual gravity and said—

“ I fear, Marenzo, that some gentler feeling has damped your military ardour ; some six months since it was your constant thought by day and night, and you would have looked on promotion as the greatest of earthly blessings—How is it that you now receive the intelligence so calmly ?”

He replied—“ Increase of honour brings increase of care ; perhaps too my health

has somewhat depressed my spirits, and however great my joy may be, those and other reasons may give me the appearance of not feeling as much as I really do."

She gaily said—" Ah, those other reasons are the true ones why brigades and battles and stars and crosses have lost all their attraction."

He remarked—" Your ladyship is too discerning for any thing to escape your observation; those reasons may be the cause why I am not quite overwhelmed with joy."

The Marquesa assumed a serious look and gravely said—" Your confession, Marenzo, has not surprised me; check the feelings which are rising in your bosom, and for my sake forbear exciting any of a similar nature in the heart of Annaline; she will in all probability devote herself hereafter to a life of seclu-

sion. Now I will depend on your honour. Henceforth reflect on this—there is one in Spain who though young remembers Marenzo, and whose rank and beauty may not be unworthy a soldier of fortune.”

Marenzo unwillingly feigned surprise ; then said—“ Let me entreat you to tell me who this unknown noble lady may be that has thought favourably of Marenzo ; for ought I not to foster these kind feelings, and live and hope ? ”

“ The lady,” replied the Marquesa, “ would never forgive me, were I to tell the secret which I accidentally discovered ; rank, riches, and beauty are not the blessings bestowed on every man, and he that would possess them must deserve them ; your promotion is a great step towards the attainment, and constancy may win the prize. Now, young general, you have your plan of opera-

tions sketched for you, so follow it with zeal." Then, smiling, she shook his hand and left the room.

Marenzo was still occupied with thought when the voice of Henriad roused him. He joined him, related the circumstance of his promotion, the conversation he had held with the Marquesa, and added, "We will meet to-night, and I will first finish my tale and tell you, my friend, what those reasons are which checked my joy, and what I think of this affair; until then we will mingle with the gay and giddy throng."

Henriad, deeply interested for his friend, remarked, "Let there be moderation in your gaiety, there shall be in mine: some blight is rising in another quarter which we must stop ere it reaches the lovely flower it would touch with its baleful breath."

An approaching step stopped their

conversation. It was Annaline returning to the room to which she had retired in the morning, and to which almost unconsciously they had gone after the voice of Henriad had called his friend from the place in which the Marquesa had left him.

Annaline was on the point of retiring, when she found that they ceased to converse: Henriad arrested her progress by asking with a voice and manner expressive of concern, if she was better than in the morning. Her eyes red with crying, her melancholy look, and pallid cheek, told him too truly that she was not. She smiled sweetly, as if thankful for the kind inquiry, and said, "I shall be quite well to-morrow." Her pale hue added tenfold force to the expression that came with the reply; Henriad for an instant lost his readiness of speech, but a moment after said, "O, I hope nothing will intervene to prevent your words becoming true." "I hope so too," she replied with



melancholy emphasis; a tear hung on the long lashes of her eye. Henriad seemed, by his intense and impassioned look, to deem it a covenant of sympathy, and a ray of tenderness, which was clouded by the thought that she was to him as a beam of light soon to pass away. Marrenzo had observed the countenance and manner of his friend, and gazed on him for some seconds in mute surprise, then said to Annaline—

“ You must laugh and dance and be gay to-night, it will be found the best physician; let me ask to try and aid you in driving the foul fiend away; perchance we may mutually assist each other.”

She wiped the tear away and said—  
“ Well, I hate him so that I would willingly try any remedy to drive him far away.”

“ Entirely away,” said Henriad with a cheerful air; “ so let me entreat permission to aid you too.”

Annaline replied—"You and Marenzo are so intimate that I conjecture you must be partners; therefore if I accept the aid of one it is admitting that of both, so I cannot refuse, unless I find the remedy of one only adds to the malady, as is too often the case among physicians, then I must in self defence say nay."

She then arose and went to dress. In the corridor she met Mrs. Skipley, who stopped her to inquire after her health; but on seeing Henriad and Marenzo coming from the room she hastily went towards it, evidently to ascertain if any other person was there. Mr. Bevirode, who was on the stairs, cried out with a laughing voice, "No one else there;" then entered his room, leaving Mrs. Skipley blushing and compelled to meet the rebuking look of Marenzo.

The Marquesa's manner to Mrs. Kilgrim had been so much less reserved since her communicating to her the

meeting in the chestnut grove that she could scarcely prevent her satisfaction from being apparent to others. Her prevailing desire to be thought a person of some consideration wherever she was (but which leading feature in her character was almost unknown to herself) continually overweighed her better judgment, and led her to act in a manner which exposed her weakness to those of more discretion. If afterwards she was conscious of the fault she had committed, she made indefinite excuses to herself, and on the next occasion repeated her indiscretion.

Those who are affected by this weakness are very often attracted by persons of superior station, who either usually listen with courtesy and by marked civility keep them at a distance, or if it is worth their while make them the dupes of their own imbecility.

Mrs. Kilgrim dressed herself before

the usual time, then dispatched her servant to the Marquesa to ask if she was alone and would see her in her room.

The reply was in the affirmative. The Marquesa, though aware of the weakness of the person and the unreasonableness of her surmises, was too highly excited not to be anxious to hear whatever related to Annaline.

Mrs. Kilgrim entered the room, and with a voice a little changed in tone and with some embarrassment in her language thus addressed the noble dame—

“The wish that your ladyship expressed, that I should make known to you any thing which might confirm the natural surmises respecting your ward, has induced me to seek this opportunity of speaking to you.”

The Marquesa thanked her, and begged her to believe that she valued her confidence.

Mrs. Kilgrim continued—“After the

occurrence which was communicated to you every succeeding circumstance must tend to strengthen the opinion which I have been led to form. Your ladyship will be surprised when I tell you that this morning I perceived Annaline alone in close conversation with Marenzo and Henriad. She complained of being unwell, and retired to the blue drawing-room with Irene and Arabel; these gallant youths soon discovered the retreat; and though Irene and Arabel both judiciously retired, Annaline remained alone. I should not have noticed it, but this afternoon I learned from Mrs. Skipley that again the three were there. So marked a preference in a young nun for the society of handsome men your ladyship will agree with me is singular."

"Very striking," replied the Marquesa; "but might not their meeting this afternoon have been accidental?"

"They might," rejoined the mischief-

making lady with a would-be significant smile, "have been conforming to the necessity of existing circumstances."

To this the dame made no reply; but a faint smile led the informer to suppose that her sarcastic insinuation was approved—it was but an ill suppressed smile of contempt.

The dinner-bell summoned them away. Mr. Batholik saw Mrs. Kilgrim accompany the Marquesa from her room, but made no observation though he appeared a little chagrined.

Lady Eglingham had for several days shown towards Annaline that kindness which her nature prompted her to feel for every one, but which was too often turned from its natural channel by many she reckoned among her acquaintances. Lady Eumenia had clearly pointed out to her sister the degree of persecution to which Annaline was exposed, and she required

for the present no farther stimulus to try and prevent it.

As soon as the ladies retired, Lady Eumenia and her sister joined Annaline, whose spirits seemed to recover at their affectionate manner, and at their having prepared many little things which they thought might add to her comfort during the voyage. The attention of Lady Eglingham made Mrs. Kilgrim very uneasy. Mrs. Skipley was so curious that she left the coterie and wandered round the spot where Lady Eumenia and the others had placed themselves, and at length minutely examined the things which had been presented to Annaline.

As Lady Eglingham was leaving the room Mrs. Kilgrim stopped her and whispered—"If you knew all I could tell you, your manner would be a little more guarded in a certain quarter."

"Nonsense, child," replied Lady Eg-

lingham in a laughing manner; "what can you mean? now do tell me."

"As I think I ought, I will go with you."

They went to Lady Eglingham's apartment, who, as soon as the door was closed, asked with some eagerness — "What is all this mystery? what can you mean?"

"Depend on it," answered the communicative lady, "that there is something wrong about that young nun. She was at her full length this morning on the sofa talking, I might with more truth say flirting with Henriad and that great Spaniard, and this evening they were together again."

"Surely," replied Lady Eglingham, "you are permitting mere surmise to lead you, and are forming very injurious opinions of Annaline. How often may not, in a house like this, a woman be left alone with men, or accidentally meet them.



I think Annaline very amiable and quite unacquainted with the world, and Sir Harry thinks most highly of her."

"It must be admitted that women know more of their own sex than men do," answered with some degree of pique the peevish Mrs. Kilgrim.

"That may be," was the reply; "but what have you seen or heard to sanction your giving me the awful warning you did?"

"Surely, Lady Eglingham, the conforming to existing circumstances—the sofa scene—the *accidental* meetings are sufficient to put any one on their guard. If the Marquesa should be left to find her way to South America alone, you would be kindly spoken of, and your sagacity highly applauded."

Lady Eglingham gravely yet emphatically replied—"I think you quite wrong; but as you are so positive I will talk to Sir Harry on the subject; but I am sure

that he will laugh at you all for your suspicions; besides he has known Marenzo all his life."

"O, men are men; and where youth and beauty can be had I would not trust one of them," was the substance of Mrs. Kilgrim's reply.

A loud voice at the door made them start, it flew open and in bounced Sir Harry evidently exhilarated with wine.

"Holloa," he exclaimed, "what are all these consultations and private meetings about? Bothal was never a place for plots and policy, so to the dance.—There the nun and Marenzo are footing a famous fandango." He caught them by their hands and carried them dancing with him along the corridor.

All was pleasantry and mirth. Boley now and then looked askance at the flirtation which was going on between Mr. Batholik and Miss Flanker. Henriad and Marenzo aided the Baronet in

exciting the hilarity of the party, and even induced Annaline to join the merry throng and appear gay, to the great annoyance of Mrs. Kilgrim, who expressed to Mr. Batholik her surprise that the Marquesa's lecture had so soon been forgotten.

When the party separated for the night Henriad and Marenzo repaired to Sir Harry's private study, as he was anxious to hear the remainder of the tale which had been interrupted by their meeting with Mr. Bevirode in the morning. Before Henriad referred to it, he inquired of Marenzo if he had observed the squabble between Mrs. Kilgrim and Mr. Bevirode in the recess of the dancing room.

Marenzo said, "That he had seen them sparring, and the Marquesa and Annaline walk away;" he added, "those troublesome chits will pursue their own course until it ends in their disgrace. I

have therefore made up my mind to let them go on without farther notice from me."

"I have seen the same farce before," remarked Henriad, "it is very often played by quick yet superficial persons who have no touch of true tenderness in their nature, and who think that all people have clear motives for their actions however trivial, and positive objects in all they say. If they would but ask themselves, they would learn, sagacious as they are, that they could not accurately specify the blended motives of even their chief proceedings. Another set of wiseacres often take parts in the piece—those without settled principles for their conduct, who allow their vanity and morbid envy to make them ready to form unfavourable opinions of others, especially if they are not shielded by rank, riches, or impudence, and attribute to them motives which are the produc-

tions of their own suspicions. If a covey of these philosophical motive-hunters get together, and once start game, the disease increases, until at last it rages—it is very often epidemic, and at length evaporates in self delusion, shame, and settled dislike to the person injured. But enough of this. Now let me hear the remainder of the tale.”—Marenzo thus continued.

“ It was almost sunset when I awoke, and turned with Pedro towards the castle of St. Julian, where I then was staying with the present Marquess di Sularia. I directed Pedro to point out the cave where the bodies of Count Napoli and the other slain had been deposited. He led me to the entrance, which was so low that it could be entered only on the hands and knees. It was situated above the course of a mountain torrent, and until the stream had found a more capacious bed was perhaps one of the outlets of

the rushing waters. It overhung a deep and gloomy glen, where silence held her primeval reign, and where neither tree nor shrub broke the monotony of form or colour of the dark gray rocks, over which spectre shadows seemed to glide cast from the clouds that sailed above. The scream of the passing vulture heard at distant intervals increased the horror of that frightful solitude. I never saw a place which barrenness and desolation seemed to have so deeply cursed. Pedro, when he saw me approach the entrance, endeavoured to persuade me not to proceed; my curiosity was too highly excited to be subdued, and in spite of his entreaties I entered the cave. A few feet within the entrance it was high enough to stand upright, but narrow and curving to the left. The projecting crags soon impeded the light; finding that I should be immersed in darkness, I felt inclined to return, and before I

penetrated farther supply myself with torches: feeling the surface level I advanced some yards, when my foot slipped; the force with which the other reached the ground cracked something beneath it; I put my hand down and found that I had broken through the ribs of a mouldering skeleton. I shuddered, and for a moment my resolution failed me; but it soon returned. I had not advanced many paces before the unevenness of the ground compelled me to put out my hand for support, and I clasped a cold and rusty helmet. Pedro's voice now attracted my attention; he had entered the cave when he could no longer hear my steps, and with superstitious dread was calling on all the saints to protect him. Being satisfied that his tale was true, I determined to revisit the place at some more favourable time, and therefore returned.

“ On our way towards St. Julian I

asked if he knew any thing more than he had told me of Count San Marian. He related many anecdotes of him in his youth, and of his grief at the loss of his wife when she bore him his first born son; of his impoverishing his estate to serve his friend, the Prince of Braganza, for whom he went to South America, and took with him his wife; that a few years after he came home and married the sister of Count Napoli, with whom he went again to America and there died; and that the king had given to Sularia the princely castle and domain of St. Julian, but who did not live to take possession of it. Ere he had finished his tale we reached the castle; Sularia met us at the gate; he saluted me with cordiality; but I thought some surprise was portrayed on his countenance when he saw that Pedro had been my conductor.

Here Henriad interrupted his friend—



“ Still I do not see how this relates to you, who at seven years old were at school with me in England. Tell me how old is Sularia? and what is the character of the Marquésa’s son?”

He replied—“ I had been in England long before we met as children, but how long I know not; yet I have an indistinct remembrance of coming from afar and being taken to a great house where my native tongue was spoken; for if you recollect I could not speak English when first at school with you, and scarcely Spanish when at Valladolid. As to Sularia, he is not more than thirty years of age, but of mature judgment, great ability; and powerful eloquence; but impenetrable, haughty, and evidently feeling in his heart contempt for his fellow men; to priests urbane, though I never saw one pass him that he did not sneer at and evince feelings of derision. No one is known to possess his confidence, his do-

mestics obey and fear him, though he is liberal in his largesses and exacts no more than is his right."

"A very amusing character, Marenzo," remarked Henriad smiling; "How does this saturnine gentleman occupy himself?"

"In the cabinet, and at the court where he is greatly favoured by the king, with some senoras, and with great exercise on foot."

"Now you have satisfied my curiosity concerning this person, pray let me have the sequel of your tale."

"You will condemn my rashness, Henriad, when I tell you that the next night I left the castle with Pedro, and on our mules again sought the cave. The torch was lighted, I entered and soon reached the place where the bones of the slain had broken beneath my feet. Three skeletons were close together, and Pedro pointed out to me some marks by which

he affirmed he knew to whom these remnants of mortality belonged. 'Here are but three,' said I, 'where is the fourth?' 'In a recess some few yards on and to the right,' he replied. I proceeded, and not perceiving any vestige exclaimed, 'Pedro, he has taken flight;' at the same time, the cave being lofty, I raised the torch above my head; the gleam went far into the spacious cavern, and threw such shadows from the projecting crags, that as my hand moved they looked like gliding phantoms of the dead. I did not perceive any thing excepting some fragments of mouldering armour until the light flashed on a human face; for a moment my breath was suspended, and a cold dew overspread my brow; some seconds elapsed before I could articulate, then I called in a hollow voice to the form extended near me—it answered not—I advanced towards it—and after recalling my hurried spirits was convinced that I

saw before me the form of Napoli which had undergone no change, whose visage told that he died by violence, and dark stains seemed to indicate that blood had soiled his countenance. His armour was in parts corroded, but his body appeared entire. I called to Pedro; he had fallen on his knees, and with fixed stare and clasped hands gazed on the still and pallid face. 'That's the count,' he said shaking with fear. 'There let him sleep,' I replied; and, as my torch was almost burnt out, I bid him follow me to the entrance. In the act of turning I put my foot on a hard substance which I was induced to examine, it was a small case which almost fell in pieces as I lifted it, of course it was preserved by me. We wound our way in silence to St. Julian.

"The clock struck three as we entered a low postern door to which Pedro had conducted me. It was starlight, and

unless I err Sularia was standing on the platform of a square tower not far distant. Pedro led me by a circuitous passage to the foot of the staircase that communicated with my room, and left me. I lighted my lamp by cherishing some dying embers on the hearth, and immediately examined the case I had picked up. The outside looked like mother of pearl, the clasps were of metal; to this covering may be attributed the partial preservation of the relics I have with me."

Marenzo went to his room and returned with the case and two nearly obliterated and more than half destroyed letters in Spanish, which on being exactly rendered into English left the following broken sentences —

" It is true \* \* \* \* \* to be in  
\* \* \* axara on the \* \* \* \* \* of St.  
Cath \* \* \* \* \* where we may consult

on the \* \* \* \* of preventing an alliance not pleasing \* \* \* \* your \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*

Time had succeeded in obliterating every vestige from the above to the end of the page. On the succeeding leaf were these few words—

\* \* \* ra loves her but shall never possess \* \* \* \* \* The king detains \* \* \* \* \* so on you must devolve.”

On the remnant of wax which adhered to it was a mark which resembled part of the head of an alligator. Nothing more remained to lead to a discovery of the writer.

The other letter was in a handwriting more resembling that of a woman. All that could be deciphered of it were these words—

“ Margarita has this moment \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \* destruction. \* \* \* \* \*  
If you value \* \* \* \* \* danger which

\* \* \* \* \* you \* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \* I live in \* \* \* anxiety."

The signature was not discernible.

"These are most mysterious manuscripts," said Henriad, "almost as unintelligible as hieroglyphics; they will neither of them warrant more than conjecture. The first might have been sent to Count Napoli by some one privy to Marian's intended marriage. On the latter I would not hazard a conjecture. Even now I cannot see how these circumstances relate to you."

"The night is so far spent," said Marenzo, "that I will if you like defer clearing up your doubts on that point until to-morrow."

"Unless, Marenzo, you are bent on sleeping before you proceed, I would fain hear the remainder; for I shall not sleep until I do."

"Since, Henriad, I know you are interested, I will not be so selfish as to

stop because some stray thoughts of a soft pillow have crossed me. He then resumed the narrative.

“The discovery of these papers led me again to the cavern. I went alone, but did not find any thing but a broken sword and some pieces of a helmet. As I returned to the castle a peasant met me, to whom I spoke and gave alms. A few days after Pedro informed me that the postern was fastened on the inside, and then I learnt that the platform, on which I saw the man as we entered, was over Sularia’s private room, which made me say I saw him. During the interval the Marquess had directed the hawks and horses to be ready for my use, and seemed at times to relax the austerity of his demeanour, and even accompanied me to the chase.

“In the course of the ensuing week I was ordered to join the staff of the general commanding the cavalry on the



point of entering France. I of course immediately obeyed the orders. My absence was not quite six months, for I was wounded and returned to Madrid. Sularia sent for me, and said that he had succeeded in procuring me promotion, and that I was to proceed as soon as possible to the minister of war, and thence to South America; at the same time he insisted on my taking an order on his banker for two thousand ducats. My reception by the minister was flattering; and from him I first learnt that I was to escort the Marquesa to America, who was to visit England previous to her departure.

“Sularia was so occupied for several days with the king that I had only one opportunity of thanking him before he returned to St. Julian. When I took leave of the minister, he advised me to visit my patron, as the Marquesa had probably departed, and he might have

communications of consequence to make to her. On my arrival he greeted me cordially, and presented me to his bride, whom, to my astonishment, I found to be the daughter of the minister. The Marquesa had left the castle some days, I was eager to follow her immediately; but Sularia said he would detain me until he received dispatches from Madrid.

“ One day while wandering through the woods near the castle I heard some one approaching, and turning towards the sound, perceived Sularia in earnest conversation with a man of the lower order, whose back was towards me. The Marquess gave him a purse, and soon after walked towards the castle, while the man pursued nearly an opposite direction. I observed that his stature was tall and muscular, and that he wore one boot and spur. The foliage was thick, so I remained for nearly half an hour on the

spot, then made my way by another road to the castle, ruminating on what I had seen, thinking of the postern being fastened, and of the person I saw on the platform—these circumstances were associated, but I knew not why.

“The Marquess was more cheerful than usual during dinner, and directed much of his conversation to me.

“After I had retired to rest my sleep was broken by a gentle rapping at my door; I leaped from my bed, seized my sword, and called out, ‘Who’s there?’ a voice which I recognised as Pedro’s said, ‘It’s me.’ I cautiously admitted him. With an expression of affection mingled with apprehension, he whispered—‘Why I cannot tell, but I am strangely fond of you; and as methinks there’s something plotting against you, I have come to warn you—Go no more to the horrid cave; you know since our

return that night the postern has been locked; you have been met also on the road.' I asked him how and where he gained his information. Pedro answered—' You gave that skulking rascal Lazaro money when you spoke to him: I have since been that road and observed him lurking among the rocks, and I like it not. To-day he came to my cottage on the woodside, and while stooping he dropped a purse; as I was half turned aside I took no notice of it to him, but observed that he hastily thrust it into his bosom and was embarrassed. Now that same purse I have seen in the Marquess's hands; and you know such things are never given without a reason; so, young master, beware.'

" I said much to remove from his mind the suspicions he entertained, but in vain; he shook his head, and gazed for some time at me, and while a tear started to his eye said—' It is I'm sure.'

‘Of what, Pedro, are you sure?’ He answered emphatically, ‘You’re like him.’ ‘Like who?’ I asked. ‘The old count; and I would ye were master here.’ I shook the good hearted fellow by the hand, thanked him for his warning, and bade him go to his home.

“Two days after Pedro came to me and with tears informed me that he was appointed chief chasseur to a domain of Sularia’s in Andalusia, and was to depart on the morrow. Again he warned me of danger, prayed for my safety and prosperity, and bade me farewell.

“Not many days had elapsed before the Marquess told me that the dispatches from Madrid had arrived, and that he was desirous I should join the Marquesa as soon as possible. My servants and baggage had been sent with the remainder of the Marquesa’s retinue, so I had to reach the neighbouring town alone. Sularia accompanied me to the castle

gate and bid me a heartier adieu than seemed natural to him.

“ The road obliged me to pass at no great distance from the cavern ; two hours brought me within sight of it. As I was riding leisurely along, the report of fire-arms startled me, at the same instant a shot grazed my temples, and two ruffians rushed from behind a rock ; the pistol of the second snapped. My aim was true, my weapon better, and the villain fell. The other seemed panic struck at his fellow’s fate, and gave me time to draw my sabre and cut him down : when he was on the ground it struck me that he resembled the man to whom Sularia had given the purse ; my eye glanced to his feet, and I saw the boot and spur, and recognised Lazaro. As his life-blood ebbed away, I besought him to tell who had prompted him to commit so wicked an act. He cursed me, refused to name

his employer, and then went to give an account of his misdeeds, where they are indelibly registered. This I have never mentioned until now. I threw the bodies into the deep cleft that skirted the road, and hastened on my journey.

“Do you think that I have cause for suspecting that there are reasons for my being sent to South America? Do you not think that some great reasons prompt these measures for my destruction? I must suspect too that the acts of kindness and munificence are to lull me to security. The Llanos of America are wide, its woods are deep, when in them I may be swept away and never heard of more; or there I may extort confessions from the Marquesa which it would be madness to attempt here.”

Henriad during the latter part of the narrative was deeply interested, and when his friend had ceased said—“There is a

mystery which Providence will give the means of unveiling; we, Marenzo, must leave no exertion untried to hasten its developement. All that I can do to serve you is at your command. As the morning is breaking we will retire, and consult to-morrow on what means are the best to pursue."



## CHAP. VI.

THE flirtation between Miss Flanker and Mr. Batholik, which took place during a preceding evening, was continued by the former from a desire to see her professed admirer tantalized, and at the same time to put Mrs. Kilgrim in fear of losing her supposed ascendancy over Mr. Batholik. She was instigated to this latter proceeding by strong presumptive evidence, that she had been overheard and ridiculed by her when conversing with Boley in the chestnut grove. This gentleman had been attracted to this damsel; not by her beauty, not because he admired her manner and mental endowments, but because he longed to become the master of seven thousand pounds a year, which Miss Flanker had inherited from an Indian

merchant who had married her elder sister.

Mr. Batholik had been allured to Bothal with the hope of meeting with this wealthy lady, who had risen in his estimation since she became possessed of so large an income. He had been much chagrined at finding his intentions frustrated by his more active rival. Miss Flanker had sufficient penetration to discover very quickly that it was in her power to bind in matrimonial fetters either of these enchanting men. Boley was the younger and the more cheerful of the two, and had no idea of asserting his superiority beyond continuing for a day or two in a fit of the sulks, or venting a bruinic growl at any thing that might put him out of his way. She knew that Batholik was pertinacious of his opinion, and so persevering that nothing but fear could induce him to swerve from his intentions. As his valour consisted in making quota-

tions from the ancient poets in a drawing room, she thought that she could control him. As he had in perspective a baronetcy, she doubted which of these two she should make her husband, or whether she would reject both.

Mr. Batholik's manner to this wealthy person had been more than commonly polite; he had even praised, and laughed at as wit, her coarsest and most indecorous sallies, and always quoted her complexion as the standard of perfection, and lauded whenever an opportunity offered the golden tresses of the ancient heroines.

Never was there a woman who, conscious of personal defects, did not feel inclined to be pleased with the man who adroitly flattered any pretensions that she might have on any point to beauty. Boley had not a remote idea of the power of the weapon his antagonist was using, and only grew more sullen as she ap-

peared more attracted by his rival: he on the other hand looked on her reception of his attentions as favourable omens, and saw in perspective a fortune to support his long desired baronetcy.

Women are always amused at watching a flirtation which is only to mortify a fortune hunter; some, who never knew what true love is, often deride those who are suffering one of the most painful feelings that gnaws the human heart. Mrs. Skipleigh made numerous successful efforts to promote this flirtation for the sake of amusing herself and others. The very next day she with some ingenuity left Mr. Batholik and the damsel walking alone, and then sent Boley in search of Lady Eglingham in the direction that he could not avoid meeting them. Mr. Bevirode as he was wandering about as usual witnessed the whole of the proceeding, and was determined to use the

information for the amusement and advantage of others.

Mr. Boley met them, nodded, and passed on; and though Miss Flanker called him in a soothing manner, he sulkily proceeded. As he did not succeed in finding Lady Eglingham he returned to the castle, where Mrs. Skipley and Mrs. Kilgrim awaited his arrival. He entered the room where these ladies sat, and said—"Well, I can't find Lady Eglingham." He then took up a newspaper and lolled on a sofa. Mrs. Skipley addressed him—

"I thought she was walking with Mr. Batholik, I saw some one with him as he passed the opening at the end of the lawn; surely it was her."

He shortly replied—"No, indeed it was not."

Mrs. Kilgrim inquired if he knew who it was?

He answered with equal brevity—  
“Miss Flanker I believe.”

Mrs. Skipley immediately observed—  
“Then they must have been walking there this hour.”

“What can Miss Flanker have to say to so sedate a person?” asked Mrs. Kilgrim.

Boley, evidently nettled at the conversation, remarked—“I wonder what indeed.”

Mrs. Kilgrim then addressed Mrs. Skipley, and the following dialogue ensued.

“I think Mr. Batholik goes off very much, he is really dull at times; to be sure he is generally sensible.”

“There may be some cause for it.”

“What cause do you suppose?”

“I so dislike conjecturing that I cannot hazard a reply; you have only to use your own observation.”

“Do you think that Miss Flanker oc-

cupies too much of his thoughts, and prevents his ideas from flowing as readily as usual?"

"Miss Flanker may be attracted by him for all I know." The air and manner that accompanied this speech annoyed Boley, who as he rose to leave the room said—

"No, that she is not, nor yet by any such an old prosing fellow."

As soon as the door was closed these mischievous women burst into fits of laughter, and began to devise new schemes of annoyance.

Mrs. Kilgrim had become a little dejected at the defection in Mr. Batholik's attention, and sought to remove the uneasiness she felt by obtaining more attention from the Marquesa. As she had observed her for several successive days walk either alone or with Annaline through the same path, she went out alone for the purpose of walking with

her. She had walked for some time without meeting any one, when she espied Annaline sitting alone in an arbour sketching the scenery around her. Curiosity led her to the spot, and she accosted Annaline with so much kindness, that she learnt, from the manner in which it was received, one of the springs by which this lovely victim might be worked on. She only made a false estimate of Annaline's feeling, and concluded that it was her own personal attention that flattered and pleased, instead of a sensitiveness to kindness and an ignorance of hypocrisy.

Mrs. Kilgrim had not been long in the arbour when Marenzo appeared, coming from another part of the wood through a path that led close to them. He was surprised at finding them together, but stopped and conversed with both without showing the least embarrassment. Mrs. Kilgrim said with some gaiety, as



she prepared to go, "I shall continue my walk as far as the lake, and call on you as I return."

The ingenuous Annaline immediately replied—"I want a figure in that part of my sketch, so I shall wait for your arrival there."

She walked away, and soon after meeting with the Marquesa immediately said to her—

"I will show your ladyship an interesting scene, if you will allow me to conduct you."

The Marquesa assented, and Mrs. Kilgrim, being well acquainted with the grounds, led her to a spot from which she could see the harbour and all within it without being seen. As soon as she was certain that the Marquesa knew who the parties were she triumphantly remarked, "An interesting scene, another conforming to the necessity of existing circumstances."

The Marquesa almost betrayed her anxiety, but pretending to enter into her views begged her to walk on, and that she would proceed to the harbour. The kind hearted lady pursued her way to the lake with feelings of pride (not united to active malignity) resulting from the belief that her suspicions and opinions were verified.

The intricacy of the walks led the Marquesa a little from the path, but a woman gathering plants directed her, and she soon reached the harbour and found Annaline alone. She looked at her drawing; while thus occupied Annaline said—"O, there is Mrs. Skipley; she said that she would go to the lake, and I wanted to introduce a figure on the very spot where she is standing."

As she continued her task she added—"I have had two visitors this morning besides Mrs. Skipley and Marenzo, who came just after her and has not been gone

many minutes—one an ugly dog that frightened me, the other a wounded hare.”

This simple speech proved to the Marquesa that her fears were vain. Had those words been untrue it would have shown consummate art, which did not accord with either the age or character of Annaline.

She remained some time with her; but on the arrival of Irene she left her. Irene brought with her a packet containing letters from the Abbess and Frances and mementos from the sisters. Annaline opened it with eagerness and read the following letter from the Lady Abbess.

“ MY BELOVED CHILD,

“ THE letter you wrote to Frances she brought to me. Its contents have given me great uneasiness; I therefore offer you the results of some experience which I gained when surrounded by all that

could dazzle and allure, and when plunged into the depths of human sorrow. Before I sought an asylum here I had possessed riches, rank, and their general consequence consideration with those to whom I was known. The clouds of adversity lowered around; it decreased, the threatened storm burst and precipitated my husband from his elevated station. His friends deserted him, the basest at once, the remainder by degrees became less intimate, and at length no longer sought him. His noble spirit could have buffeted with the storm; but the kinder feelings of his nature were so lacerated that he sunk beneath the shock. I sought a refuge here, and piety has taught me resignation to my lot. With this experience and long and calm reflection and a maternal love for you, I may presume that I am qualified in some degree to point out evils that may occur, the means of avoiding them or of lessening

their effects, and of giving you some general rules for your conduct that may smooth the thorny path of life.

“ As you are aware that no uncharitable feelings inhabit my bosom, do not think that any observations I make are allied to so unchristianlike a spirit. I have undertaken to write to one entering into life under peculiar circumstances; *truth* must be the basis of what I say.

“ I now conclude that you are possessed neither of riches nor rank, therefore do not *expect* either kindness or attention from the greater part of the society into which you are likely to be introduced, or even a disposition either to think well of you, or to speak well of you. You must not suppose that a just value will be put on your good qualities, or that your faults and want of information will be extenuated. I would not lead you to conclude that you will be treated with unkindness and evilly spoken of. There

are some, but few, in every society who possess much of human tenderness, and when their feelings have not been warped by prejudice, interest, or vanity, will show some concern for you, and both treat you kindly and justly appreciate you.

“The words of a great English writer on this subject, though very strong, are very true. Sir Walter Raleigh says, ‘Print this in thy thought—that what virtue soever thou hast, be it never so manifold, if thou be poor withal, thou and thy qualities shall be despised: besides, poverty is oftentimes sent as a curse of God, it is a shame amongst men, an imprisonment of the mind, a vexation of every worthy spirit; thou shalt neither help thyself nor others, thou shalt drown thee in all thy virtues, having no means to show them; thou shalt be a burthen and an eyesore to thy friends, every one will fear thy company.’ I tell you to

remember this, and prepare yourself to submit with resignation to that which you cannot control.

“I wish you to be aware that an influence on the minds of the greater portion of mankind, is necessary to make them even favourably disposed towards you.

“Riches and rank are the strongest of those influences, the next is possessing the support of some individual of real consideration in the society in which you are. Great and acknowledged talents overbear the effects of these influences. It alone can maintain opinions with success in opposition to those around without losing the favourable dispositions of the opponents. The vanity is so gratified with the accordance of preeminent ability, that the gratification is sought for after repeated disappointments. Therefore those who have neither riches, rank, nor great abilities, will find silence the safer course, unless they can conscienti-

ously accord with the prevailing opinions of those about them; conviction they would never produce, so it would be vain to attempt it.

“Wherever you go, the inexperienced, the weak and worldly, the idle and unfeeling, will inquire into your lineage, education, and fortune, and be influenced accordingly in their estimate of you. So little are they acquainted with the reasons of their opinions, that they would deny they were so influenced, and believe they spoke truth. If they were boldly to examine themselves they would be surprised at the discoveries they would make. Even those who spurn prejudice and partiality, from being acquainted with the force and variety of the influences which operate on the human mind, find it necessary to keep a constant watch on themselves. They may be compared to those who row against a stream; the moment they cease to exert



themselves their vessel is carried backward with the current. The surest support to preserve this elevated tone of mind is piety and Christian charity.

“You will find many on every side who cannot be called actively malignant, nor positively envious, nor intentionally unkind, but who have no settled principles of conduct, are under the dominion of influence, and so little acquainted with human nature that they suspect, attribute, or feign motives for the most trifling actions of others. You, my child, appear to have met already with some of these: “be as innocent as a dove,” but never allow them to draw you into confidential communications of even a trivial nature, however apparently confidential they may be to you; for your confidence would be abused, your feelings ridiculed, and your comfort destroyed. Their society is not worth possessing, and with them friendship is but a play of words.

“Persons of some rank who dislike, or are highly prepossessed in favour of a person on a first acquaintance, are dangerous associates: their prepossessions must be guess, and therefore not valuable; their dislikes without foundation, and therefore despicable; their friendships are seldom lasting, their dislikes very deeply rooted. They devour flattery, admire opinions in accordance with their own, and usually assume a distinction for which they are not qualified. Prejudice and partiality pervade all their judgments on persons, things, or books. As their opinions are seldom respected out of their immediate sphere, they are rather to be thought of with charity, and retired from as dangerous, than opposed or treated with indifference.

“Whenever, my Annaline, you meet with one in whom benevolence is prominent, and an unasked forwardness to do acts of kindness to others who require

them, who defends the absent without a worldly motive to prompt the action, who is pious, and has a disposition tinged with enthusiasm, open your arms, clasp the being to your bosom, and thank Providence for the untold treasure it has given you ; for such a friend as I have described will be to you a Mentor when you require counsel, a solace in adversity, an ornament in prosperity, will shed a brighter ray of brilliance over your success, and add to every pleasure.

“I will not warn you against the wily flattery of men. Remember you are dependent, unknown, unacquainted with the world, therefore their adulation can only be to gratify their own vanity at your expense. He who esteems a young dependent woman will never flatter her, he will even avoid allowing her to see how much he admires her. Now, my child, farewell for a little while, for I shall write to you again. Look to Hea-

ven for support in all your trials; keep your conscience void of offence, and your heart in charity with all mankind, and Heaven will bless you.—Our prayers will be offered up for you.”

Annaline read this letter with surprise; and she was so agitated when she closed its folds that Irene gently pressed her head to her bosom, yet asked no question, but soothed her friend by her tenderness.

As the day was hastening to a close they proceeded to the castle, and entered the room where the party was assembled. Mrs. Kilgrim smiled somewhat contemptuously as Annaline passed her, which caught the eye of Mrs. Skipley, who looked on her companion in a manner which gave her clearly to understand that she was certain something had occurred. Irene and her companion, after exchanging a few words with Lady Eumenia, went out; she also had observed Mrs. Kilgrim's

smile of contempt, and as soon as the door was closed put aside her work, arose from her seat, and beckoned to Mrs. Kilgrim to follow her.

Lady Eumenia's anxiety was increased by the circumstance of her own child being with Annaline. When the door of her room was shut, she addressed Mrs. Kilgrim in a manner which told how ardently she felt both for her child and for Annaline.

"I saw the scornful look you cast on Annaline as she passed you with my child; that look must have some cause, so I beg you to tell me what it is?"

Mrs. Kilgrim, with an air of triumph and a supercilious tone of voice, replied;

"Only a little more conforming to existing circumstances by the simple nun, who adheres so closely to Irene."

Lady Eumenia rejoined in an anxious yet elevated tone—

"Mrs. Kilgrim, I beg to know more

distinctly what you mean? though I am interested for the persecuted Annaline, when my child is concerned in the most remote degree, I feel that I have a right to know every thing that relates to it."

Mrs. Kilgrim answered—

"Since you are so peremptory, I suppose I needs must communicate what I would rather have kept secret; then let me tell you that Marenzo's meetings with that girl the Marquesa has brought here are too frequent and too marked, and Irene may suffer as well as her friend."

Lady Eumenia colouring, indignantly replied—

"No, never! and notwithstanding your general information, I have the highest confidence in that persecuted girl."

She was thus replied to in an angry tone—

"Persecuted, indeed! who persecutes her? not I, of that I am quite sure."

Lady Eumenia, with great earnestness,

again requested to know the reason for her scornful smile, and at length was told—

“She was only with Marenzo in the oaken bower.”

Lady Eumenia for a moment portrayed her surprise; then remarked—

“I should be sorry to condemn on such slight grounds. Did you find them there? even if you did, they most likely met by accident.

Mrs. Kilgrim coldly replied—

“Of accidental meetings in oaken bowers I know nothing.”

To this Lady Eumenia quickly rejoined—

“You are so unwilling to communicate to a mother that you lead me to suppose that you know more than you wish me to know; I again ask, if you found them there?”

With a half foolish look, and a little confusion, her informer replied—

“O no, I did not quite find them there, but had I been two minutes later I should, for he came from a cross path directly after I joined her.”

Lady Eumenia, scarcely able to contain her rising feelings of contempt, said—

“Is that all, Mrs. Kilgrim? was that the reason which induced you to look so scornfully and think so unkindly of Annaline?”

In a decisive tone she gave her opinion; “That coupled with other circumstance, she thought it quite sufficient.”

Lady Eumenia, with calmness, answered—

“You may think as you please. I shall think that Annaline is persecuted, and Irene reflected on, if I hear more of these childish suspicions. Depend on it, I shall speak to my brother and Lady Eglington, and if I did not think that Annaline would feel too sensibly this unkind treatment, I would tell her also.”



To this Mrs. Kilgrim replied—

“Had I supposed that my confidential communication was to be used as a mean of producing division, I should not have made it.”

“Your communication was not of that character; I called for it as a mother, and shall use it as my age and my feelings point out to me as right.”

Mrs. Kilgrim as she quitted the room assumed the caricature of dignity, and said in a false key of voice—“Since that is the case it will be the last ever made by me to you.”

Lady Eumenia immediately sent for Irene, and learnt from her what had passed in the arbour during the time she was there; but as it did not include the period of which Mrs. Kilgrim had spoken, the circumstances alluded to were not elucidated. As Annaline's spirits were much affected she forbore appealing to her, but resolved on taking some decided measure

if the subject was not dropped, which should shield her from these suspicions. As Lady Eumenia left her room she met Mr. Bevirode's old servant with several notes in his hand ; one of them addressed to her :—

“ MY DEAR FRIEND,  
“ THE deep interest which I know you feel for the honour of your brother's house, induces me to beg a few minutes conversation with you on a matter of importance as soon as we leave the dining-room. Meet me in Sir Harry's study.”

Old Andrew, who knew every turn of his master's humour, ill suppressed a smile, which removed the temporary alarm that the perusal of this note had caused, and she expected some amusement from the interview.

As she passed on, Mrs. Skipley left Mrs. Kilgrim's room. Andrew seeing

her shuffled the notes up his sleeve, then in a voice somewhat below his natural tone said—"Ma'am." She instantly ran down to the first landing place to meet him—"Ma'am, here's a note for you." It contained the following few lines.

"DEAR MRS. S.

"YOUR penetration will be of service in discovering something of great importance, of which I have found the clue; pray meet me in the music room when we leave the dining-room.—B."

Her heart palpitated so quickly as nearly to deprive her of utterance; she rung her bell violently and bade her maid inquire if Mr. Bevirode had gone to his room, and leaned over the railing of the corridor waiting for the reply. So high was her curiosity raised that she sent a second time. Andrew came himself and said—

"La, ma'am, he's a shaving; you'll

know it all by and by." He then disappeared to deliver notes to many more of the party.

This intelligence compelled her to go to her room and prepare for dinner. During the repast she was so restless and looked so often towards Mr. Bevirode that he feared the others would see through his harmless scheme.

The whole of those summoned were waiting in different quarters at the appointed time. Mr. Batholik and the younger branches of the family and some other guests were left wondering at the absence of the party.

Mr. Bevirode seated himself in an arm chair: Andrew waited in the hall to summon them in succession. Lady Eūmenia first entered the room. Mr. Bevirode with well dissembled gravity begged her to be seated; then informed her that a horrible occurrence had taken place: that Mr. Batholik and Miss Flanker had

been discovered walking in the woods together. "I know the rest," said Lady Eumenia laughing; "good evening."

Andrew then summoned the Marquesa. The little man received her with considerable solemnity: after she was seated he first expatiated on the duties of friendship, the necessity of preventing the reputation of a friend from sustaining any injury, and then declared his conviction that her ladyship accorded with him in opinion. The noble dame stared at the orator and inclined her head; when the climax came to which these preliminary steps led, she gave way to a smile of satisfaction and returned him thanks for his useful intelligence.

Mrs. Skipley and her companion left him much mortified, annoyed and wondering what would be the result. Lady Eglingham was secretly pleased at this simple mode of checking the progress of a system she deprecated, but which some-

times made its way into the society of her house.

Boley listened to Mr. Bevirode's narrative with evident chagrin, and as he left the room grumbled—"Was that all you desired to see me for? what's their walking together to me?"

Henriad and Sir Harry came into the room together, the latter vowing as he entered that he would wait no longer to hear of a conspiracy. The only reply he made to his little friend's tale was—"O," and immediately scampered off for the drawing room, followed by the other two.

Andrew, whose curiosity was equal to Mrs. Skipley's, occupied himself in the corridor to try if he could find out the object of his master's whim.

Sir Harry cried out as soon as he reached the party—

"Where is he?" Then addressed Mr. Batholik—

"O, my most Platonic friend, so I am

informed"—A titter from many of the party stopped him, and turning to them he said—

“What the devil is all this winking and smirking about? why I thought that I was going to communicate intelligence of state importance, and every body is as well acquainted with their billing and cooing as myself.”

“Of what?” asked Mr. Batholik. Henriad approached him, and answered his request with gravity—

“The direful intelligence has reached us, and which it appears we have all heard with deep concern, that you were seen wandering with a damsel arrayed in a green bonnet and yellow slip.”

Batholik laughed, and several others joined him; but he felt the force of the sarcastic allusion, as did the other culprits. The Marquesa as she retired to a farther room was evidently pleased with the whim, which might serve as a

shield to protect Annaline. Marenzo stood near the fire leaning on the mantel piece, and with scrutinizing eyes coolly examined one by one the countenances of the guilty. Sir Harry rung every possible change on the occurrence; and though Batholik laughed, he was heartily tired of it before the evening had passed. The whole party seemed in higher glee than usual.

For several days nothing transpired beyond the ordinary routine. Lady Eumenia and Annaline were becoming daily more intimate. Marenzo and Henriad were consulting on the measures to be pursued for the purpose of unveiling the mysteries that enveloped many things relating to him.

One morning the coterie were together and evidently in a state of as much agitation as bees at the birth of a queen. Mrs. Kilgrim passed Lady Eumenia with a smile of perfect self-satisfaction and



triumph. Mrs. Skipley was in a complete flutter. Mr. Batholik put on his spenser and traversed the walks near the house. Miss Flanker and Boley glanced at each other as if they were desirous yet afraid of communicating their thoughts; at length she, bouncing from her seat, exclaimed—"I should be sorry to be in such a hurry"—and walked out.

The general agitation was observed by the Marquesa and Irene, who sought for her mother, since she rightly conjectured that something was going on which might require her aid.

The agitation continued the whole day, attended by sidelong glances, conversations between twos and trios of the coterie who were seen coming from different quarters together; significant looks were also given to Lady Eglington and her sister; though both were anxious to know the cause, yet they determined neither to ask nor betray their wish.

Irene had several times during the day seen old Andrew looking about the hall and wandering round the corridor or about the castle; this she told to her mother, who soon found an opportunity of accosting him—"Well, Andrew, are you looking for your master?"

He assumed an air of importance mingled with an expression of cunning, and smiled as he spoke—

"Ay, my lady, I remembers you some twenty-five year gone; but then times was different."

"True, Andrew; but are you now seeking for your master?"

He rejoined, evading the question and with increased slyness of expression—

"I remembers too, my lady, when you was a little thing that couldn't climb upon a chair, and my master used to scrape slate-pencil white for you to put it into your little mouth and make it black again; but then times was different."

Lady Eumenia again asked him if he was looking for his master. To which he replied—

“My master, my lady, always looks for me, for I sees nothing but through his eyes, and so I never sees awry.”

“Then, Andrew, I am to conclude that your master is seeking you.”

Looking much pleased yet very cunning, he returned her for an answer—

“Why, my lady, I thinks ladies concludes a little faster than they ought, or I be much mistaken; but it shan’t be; but times was different then.”

Lady Eumenia inquired—“Andrew, what is it that shall not be?”—He gravely said—

“That which shan’t, my lady, and you knows for six and thirty year and five months that I have been visitor and tutor at Bothal that I never said so in vain; visitor and tutor I says, for Sir Harry had his fust ruddimints from me, and

spelt cat four days and a half after I begun with him; and see what he is now, none of em like en; but times was different then."

When he had finished this speech he bowed, looked sly, and walked away in spite of Lady Eumenia's calling him back. She knew old Andrew's character too well not to be certain that he had discovered what had agitated the coterie, and was taking measures with his master to counteract any thing of which they disapproved. Andrew was often compelled to yield, from his situation, but he was never known to change his opinion, confide a secret to a woman, or give a direct answer; his other peculiarity was considering all mankind, excepting his master, Sir Harry, and himself, as very silly persons; and he was once known to have opposed the Lord Chancellor (when visiting where his master was) on a point of some legal difficulty.

During dinner the same mysterious looks and manners pervaded each individual of the coterie. Mrs. Skipley seemed straining every nerve to appear cool and unconcerned; but she had so little power over her expression that now and then she coloured, sometimes she eat very slow, sometimes her head was bent towards her plate and a smile forced itself to her face; now and then she looked towards Mrs. Kilgrim, but the moment she caught her eye withdrew her own. Mr. Batholik turned the conversation to subjects relating to worldly knowledge, discrimination of character, &c. Lady Eumenia did not appear to notice these peculiarities, but not one escaped her. Once or twice she looked at Mr. Bevirode, but he was so completely infatuated with a dish of currie that she could not catch his eye. Andrew, who stood behind him and on whom Lady Eumenia accidentally glanced, set

her quite at rest ; for when Mr. Batholik was descanting on penetration, the side of Andrew's mouth nearly reached the middle of his cheek, and his eyes spoke volumes. She seemed after this by her unembarrassed manner to have said to herself, " this affair is in good hands, we shall soon have the veil undrawn."

Irene had occupied Annaline nearly the whole day, and conversed with her during dinner that she might prevent her from observing the agitation of the coterie, whose mysterious proceedings she felt convinced related to her.

The evening passed in so unusual a manner that the baronet was quite puzzled at it. If music and singing had not filled up a portion of the time, its dulness would have equalled that of a provincial catlap. During the evening Irene, Arabel, and Annaline sung a song ; of which Mr. Bevirode desired a copy, and seemed more than naturally exhilarated at the

subject of it, and quoted many passages from Homer, through all the other romancers to Don Quixote, which treated of knights rescuing ladies from dangers.

The next morning Lady Eumenia rose earlier than usual and walked on the castle terrace, near which she perceived Andrew peering about and rubbing his hands, with uncommon pleasure depicted on his countenance. Henriad came out and went towards him; he assumed a consequential air, screwed up his mouth, opened his eyes, then walked off humming a favourite air. The youth then joining her, she immediately said—

“Now do tell me what Andrew and his master are about; I am sure that some nonsensical trick is to be played off on some one by his master and himself.”

Henriad rejoined—“If I knew, you are far too kind hearted to be made the repository of a secret, which I suspect will prove to be a plan to punish some per-

sons or person not very charitably inclined towards our new guests. Indeed I do not know what Bevirode and that inexplicable factotum of his Andrew are about, or perhaps I would tell you."

Lady Eumenia thought that Henriad was acquainted with the intention, and used every means to gratify her curiosity, which he dexterously baffled; at length Mr. Bevirode called him, and he left her in a state of great excitement.

The party had been assembled some time at breakfast, but Mr. Batholik did not make his appearance. Lady Eglingham sent to inquire if he was unwell. His servant came hastily into the room, and informed Sir Harry in an agitated manner that he could not find his master, and that he saw no appearance of his having been in his room during the night. At first Sir Harry appeared incredulous, but was much alarmed when Arabel ran into the room exclaiming—



“ O, uncle, what can be the matter, I hear screams and shrieks from the square tower?”

The party started from their seats; the men ran immediately towards the spot, accompanied by the Ladies Eumenia and Eglingham; the remainder quickly followed. As they approached the tower, crying, knocking, and calling were heard within; but before they reached it a head was thrust from an upper casement, which proved to be Flop’s, one of the dairy maids; she cried out while she sobbed bitterly—

“ There I know’d how ’twould be, and I shall lose my place and my character—now don’t believe it—I knows that there Handrew is at the bottom on’t all.”

Her sobs prevented her continuing. Several voices at once asked what was the matter with her. She angrily answered—“ Let he tell you then.”

A scuffle was heard in the room which

terminated in Flop stuffing out of the window, whilst she held tight the nape of the neck, a head and shoulders wrapped up in a dark gray coat, with a shawl round the neck, and two nightcaps on the head surmounted by a fur travelling cap. The ladies retired, some smiling and some blushing. The men stood smiling and staring, when Flop gave her prisoner a thump on his back, which produced a loud cry of alarm; she accompanied the blow with—

“Speak then and clear my character; if I had know’d how ’twould turn out, no not ten guineas should have made me let you in; but I knows that there Handrew’s at the bottom on’t: I’ll pay en.”

She then pulled up the shawl and handkerchief and cap, which during the struggle had covered her prisoner’s face, which, to the astonishment and amusement of the party, proved to be Mr. Ba-

tholik's, who immediately addressed Sir Harry—

“Of course, my dear friend, all this will be explained to your entire satisfaction; but pray release me from the grasp of this terrible woman.”

Flop, who still held him by the nape of his neck, shook him so violently that he prayed for mercy, while she vociferated—

“A terrible woman you calls me; I never let you in here for no bad purposes, so clear my character, I tells you, or I shall lose my place. O, that Handrew.”

The terrified man exclaimed—

“Indeed, Sir Harry, it's all a mistake.”

In a moment his head was so violently shaken that his cap fell off, while the infuriated crying woman said—

“O, you false man, to tell such a lie as to say 'twas a mistake of me.”

Sir Harry had fallen on the grass

convulsed with laughter, the remainder were but little better; Mrs. Jobson, the housekeeper, arrived with the key of the tower; she released Mr. Batholik, and began to inquire into the affair. Mr. Batholik hurried down the stairs and ran across the arched passage, looking behind him lest the fury was at his heels.

When the gentlemen had returned to the breakfast room the ladies had left it. They laughed and talked of the matter, and longed as well as the women for an explanation. Sir Harry seemed highly diverted, and affirmed that he was certain that all was right, as Flop was a good girl, and in what Andrew was concerned there would not be found much to condemn.

Mrs. Skipley had related the scene to the elder ladies; for she had found a convenient window from which to observe it. She spoke of the transaction in a manner that led some of the hearers

to conjecture that both herself and Mrs. Kilgrim had more information on the subject than she communicated.

The coterie was silent during the morning, the remainder were all waiting to hear the explanation when Lady Eglington returned from obeying a summons which she had received from her husband.

Lady Eumenia saw by her looks that something unpleasant had occurred, and felt very anxious to hear the explanation of this mysterious and ridiculous proceeding.

The substance of Lady Eglington's communication to her sister (with what was afterwards learnt from others) was as follows.

The windows of the square tower overlooked the left side and part of the front of the castle. Marenzo's room was in the tower, which formed the left side of the gateway; the casement of this room

had formerly been a low postern door, from which it was easy to walk entirely round the castle. The room occupied by Annaline was in the centre of the building and looked on the line wall.

The extraordinary circumstances that occurred to Marenzo had more deeply affected him than he had permitted even Henriad to perceive. He had been in the habit of leaving the postern casement of his room and of traversing the wall from it to the angle of the building, while during the silence of the night he meditated on these events, and perhaps thought of her who was to be the companion of his voyage, around whom was wound a veil of mystery.

The maid who slept in the square tower seeing him more than once pace the battlements, communicated the circumstance to Mrs. Kilgrim's maid, who carried the information to her mistress, which was immediately communicated by her to

Mr. Batholik. His suspicion once excited became a disease which increased with rapidity, so he considered these nightly wanderings as demonstrative proofs of the lovely Annaline and Marenzo being too well acquainted.

The night after he was informed of the circumstance, Mrs. Kilgrim at his desire directed her servant to watch. On that very night Marenzo traversed for some time the wall between this postern and the angle. Sometimes he leaned on the ramparts gazing on the shadows cast by the floating sea of clouds on the dark gray towers and battlements, or watching the beams that were refracted from the foamy eddies of the rushing torrent that hurried through the glen beneath, to mingle its waters with the ocean. Accident, curiosity, or perchance the romantic beauty of the scene led him beyond the angle, and he pursued his way to the centre of the building and sat on the bat-

tlement beneath the window of the room in which Annaline slept. He remained there, lost in thought, long enough to excite the suspicions of the maid, who told her mistress the tale with some additions.

Mr. Batholik, after some consultation with Mrs. Kilgrim and Mrs. Skipley, heroically determined to sit up and watch himself in the maid's room. The promise of reward induced the poor girl to admit him habited as before described.

In the course of the day Andrew had overheard the maids conversing on the subject, his curiosity being without limit, and his cunning to gratify it of a persevering order, he wormed the whole story and the intended scheme out of them, then immediately made it known to his master. Bevirode was satisfied that Marenzo would never have left his postern window if he had known that Annaline's room was situated where it



was. He soon laid a scheme which if he accomplished might lead to an explanation which would remove from Annaline even a shadow of imputation, and at the same time cast ridicule on the suspicious motive-hunting Batholik and the coterie who were afflicted with the same epidemic. Andrew stole the key of the tower from Mrs. Jobson's press and locked them in.

Lady Eumenia and Lady Eglington were at heart delighted with the exposure; among the guests they of course did not revert to the subject; yet they were both very anxious to see how Marrenzo would act.

When he found that he had been suspected and watched, and that Annaline was also a sufferer, he made no remark, but his eye lowered, his lip curled with inexpressible scorn, and he walked from the study where the men had assembled.

Sir Harry and Henriad knew well his

noble nature and his kindness of feeling, but they knew too that meanness and suspicion would rouse him to such calm determined action that made them even dread the result. They decided on leaving him awhile to himself.

The discomfited and chagrined Mr. Batholik took refuge in an inner drawing room as soon as he had recovered from his alarm and fatigue, and endeavoured to laugh off the adventure, in which Mrs. Kilgrim and Boley joined.

Henriad and Sir Harry, as soon as the other men had gone to shoot or occupy themselves at a distance, sought for Marrenzo. They found him in the arbour where Annaline had been drawing. His steadfast look checked their intended gaiety. After a few minutes had passed, during which some trivial remarks were made, the baronet thus addressed him—

“ My friend, the occurrence of this

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morning, though ridiculous in its exposure, is in fact very serious. I enter fully into your feelings. We all see the meanness and the other despicable attendants on such conduct in the same light. Henriad and myself, as your friends, entreat of you to be permitted to obtain from Mr. Batholik that acknowledgment of his error which will be satisfactory to you."

Marenzo made no reply, but looked as if his feelings were too much affected to allow him to express what he felt. Sir Harry then added—

"Let me beg of you, for my sake, not to think more than such acknowledgment necessary."

His look and manner told how deeply lacerated his feelings were when he replied—

"What! does my friend think me sunk so low as to crush a reptile that has followed the incitements of his nature, and like a demon enviously assailed a spot-

less woman? His punishment shall be what I please, and such as you know Marenzo would inflict. With every sentiment which your well intentioned request deserves, I must beg to be left to act."

They knew him well, and were satisfied that his anger was not sufficiently subdued to permit them to press the point farther. When Sir Harry referred to the ludicrous scene in the tower, Marenzo walked away.

The baronet returned to the castle serious and silent; his manner excited the greatest solicitude in his wife and sister; several of the others partook of their concern, but from different motives.

Lady Eumenia had become intimate with Marenzo, and knew that being a woman she might converse with him on such a subject when a man could not. She feared that his indignation might be productive of great mischief. Her warm.

and benevolent heart did not ask much aid from her reason; she felt that her motive for acting was good, and therefore went out to seek him.

She found him wrapped in gloomy silence near the borders of the lake, and was close to him before he observed her. When his eye met hers full of intense anxiety and tenderness, it excited in him esteem and affection for her, which dividing his thoughts at once weakened the wrath and indignation which had before reigned in his bosom. He saluted her with that manner and tone of voice which derives its existence from true feeling, and lives ever ready to reply to the breathing of a kindred spirit.

She took his arm: for some minutes they walked but did not speak, at length Lady Eumenia, with agitation, broke the silence—

“Do not think me intrusive or that I am leaving the province within which a

woman should remain. I have but one motive for seeking you. No one can doubt your having been unworthily treated; but remember that you accidentally gave to those silly creatures some appearance of a foundation on which to build their suspicions."

Marenzo with some vehemence replied—

"They suspected her; for their suspicions of me I care no more than for the hissing of an angry reptile."

Lady Eumenia with eagerness remarked—

"She is unacquainted with their suspicions, or with the cause of his being in the tower; her sweet simplicity, which my brother observed when he entered the room not long since where she was at work, brought the tears to his eyes."

This reference to Annaline roused his smothered anger, and he said—

"His crime is unpardonable, I will—"

“Treat him with pity, and bid him go and sin no more;” added Lady Eumenia, while the tears flowed from her eyes.

Marenzo stopped, drew his hand across his brow, and twice moved his pallid lips to speak before he found utterance for his words; then with a voice that told the fulness of his bosom, articulated—

“O, woman! what illimitable sway you have when sincerity and Christian charity prompt your actions and inspire your words. I meditated indefinite intentions of revenge, I felt inclined to punish that demon, you have disarmed me, and I think that I can pity and forgive. But is Annaline to go unavenged? no, by—”

Again she interrupted him, and calmed his rising anger.

“Innocence needs no avenger, Marenzo, unless it is in danger; and she is not in any.”

He rejoined—

“ But she has been insulted, and has no brother, no friend; and shall I stand tamely by and see it? No, it cannot, it must not be.”

Lady Eumenia calmly answered—

“ Marenzo said he could pity and forgive.”

He warmly replied—

“ But I never thought I could allow an unprotected woman to be insulted without inflicting punishment on the cowardly offender.”

Lady Eumenia stopped, and looking at him, asked—

“ Is a coward worthy of Marenzo’s vengeance?”

“ No, but of his chastisement;” he replied, somewhat checked by the question.

She immediately remarked—

“ What chastisement can be more severe than Marenzo’s pity, what punishment more cutting than his forgiveness?”

“ To forgive before repentance would



be weak indeed;" replied the angry man.

"Then if he repents you would forgive;" said Lady Eumenia with emphasis. Marenzo made no reply.

She paused, then with gentleness thus pursued her purpose.

"Marenzo, we are all liable to err, we are all at times weak, we may despise a crime yet pity the offender. If the injury has been done to ourselves and we know that others despise the action, we may forgive it, without fearing the imputation of weakness, or committing the sin of resentment. If the injury has been done to others, before we resent it, if we have the opportunity, it would be kind to consult the injured person. If Annaline extended her charity to her persecutors, would Marenzo presume to defeat it, or would he admire her high and Christian spirit, and that superiority which is given by innocence over guilt?"

Marenzo answered with calmer feelings—

“Your reasoning is powerful and has with me effect; your kindness and your wishes have still more; but how can Annaline forgive, if she is ignorant of the circumstances?”

She then said to him, with such maternal warmth, and so much feeling depicted on her brow, that the anger which threatened to rage again was subdued—

“I will act towards Annaline as if she were my child, and you shall hear what she determines; until then let friendship beg that you will pity and try to forgive.”

“Such friendship,” replied the subdued man as he turned his face away to conceal a starting tear, “cannot ask in vain. I yield, and could rejoice, were I alone concerned, at being made to suffer, if my sufferings were to be rewarded by finding a friend like you.”

Lady Eumenia's heart beat with joy,

for she felt that she had performed a useful deed : perchance she felt some natural pride at being victorious over man in such a cause.

She then proposed leaving him to go to Annaline. He pressed her hand, and with an expressive look that spoke all he felt, bade her for a time farewell.

He watched her until the intervening woods screened her from his sight. To a superficial observer he might have appeared gazing on the receding figure of one he loved. True it was, Marenzo loved her, but it was with a love which sprung from esteem, gratitude, and admiration of her disinterested feelings, which excited in him that affection which is called forth in kindred spirits as truly and as quickly, as the ocean reflects the bursting beam of warmth and light.

He threw himself on the ground, plucked the blades of grass and bit them. The interview, the peaceful scene, and his

tired spirits soon lulled him to composure of mind; then his thoughts sometimes dwelt on Annaline, sometimes on Lady Eumenia, then reverted to his own mysterious adventures, then changed to the beings who had insulted his honour and wounded his pride. Sometimes the associations, arising in succession, of each of these leading subjects of his thoughts, led his ideas far way; these wanderings he checked and retraced them to their sources. Often these associations seemed to end themselves, and leave for a time his thoughts floating he knew not where.

Several hours passed away when footsteps roused him, he raised himself a little from the ground, but the thickness of the low brushwood prevented him from seeing who were on the path beyond a low bank of underwood. Before he could make known to them that he was there, he heard a female address a superior in a tone of great emotion.

“ Ah, my lady, that my child should ever be thought to do so ; I know she wouldn’t, and I am sure neither Sir Harry nor my lady will ever believe it ; no, we have served them and theirs faithfully for thirty year and never had the like before ; for that old man to get a creeping into the tower to watch if the foreign general should go to the room of you innocent lady ; why your looks would give the lie to such a thought.”

The voice of Annaline now caught his listening ear ; with half stifled accents she articulated—

“ Good woman, in the name of the Blessed Virgin explain what you mean ; I am bewildered, tell me more, I beseech you.”

The poor woman with still greater emotion continued—

“ O me, that I should have said a word, but then I am a mother, and though poor I can’t but feel ; and forgive me, my

lady, but for you too, that they should think such things."

Annaline, almost breathless, asked—

"What things, in mercy tell me?"

The crying mother answered—

"O now, don't take it so to heart and I will tell you all, yes I will tell you, come what may, though I goes to seek my bread where no one knows me. He got there to watch if the Spanish general did not go to your room along the wall."

Annaline, with a shriek, exclaimed—

"Mine! mine! O woman, what is it that you say?"

The poor creature tried to sooth her, and replied—

"We all knows 'tis false; but there's more than he concerned to ruin my child, for Mr. Boley was to have been with him; and t'other day I was gathering foxgloves and see Mrs. Kilgrim take the princess to look at you and the Spanish general in the arbour together, and I heard her

say too, 'twas interesting and conformable to circumstances.'"

"Heaven preserve me," cried the horror-stricken girl. "Where am I? O, where is my mother? Alas, I have no mother."

Her tears stopped her farther utterance, and she sobbed aloud.

Marenzo felt his heart beat with violence, and was ready to spring to her, and with unearthly love press her bursting bosom to his own, and swear to avenge her. But his better judgment told him that if she knew that he had overheard them, her female dignity, and those inexpressible instinctive feelings which dwell in a virgin's bosom would have been wrung to distraction. He gently reclined on the ground and feigned sleep.

Her sobs had reached the ears of Irene who had quitted her for a short time to cull some wild flowers in the glen close

by. When she reached her, Annaline threw herself into her bosom and exclaimed—

“ I am insulted unto death ; O, what have I done to deserve this ? Take me to my home, and let me for ever dwell within the walls of my peaceful cell. O, Irene, she has told me all—I have been looked on as a being capable of”——

Here her heart-breaking sobs prevented farther utterance, and she sunk on the ground. Irene was alarmed, and directed the woman to fly for succour to the castle ; the poor creature was not much better than Annaline, and ran crying aloud. She had not proceeded more than half way when she met Sir Harry and Henriad, who hastened to the spot and found her fainted in the trembling arms of the pale Irene.

Henriad exclaimed—

“ I see how it is ; the old mother has



told her all—O, my injured, my heavenly spotless girl.”

They placed her on the bank ; Henriad flew to the lake for water, and saw Marrenzo on the turf. His own refined heart instantly told him that his sleep was feigned ; therefore he passed on without speaking to him.

Annaline and her sweet companion were soon sufficiently recovered to proceed to Bothal. The old woman had gone on to the castle after she had told Sir Harry.

Lady Eumenia and Lady Eglingham came out in haste to meet them. When the former saw poor Annaline, and with a mother's glance her daughter's altered look, her ardent nature burst the barriers within which she was wont to confine it ; as the blood mounted to her cheek she enthusiastically exclaimed—

“ These worthless beings, Sir Harry,

I insist on their expulsion from the castle; not an hour will I remain to see a homeless, unprotected orphan thus insulted; my child too has been reflected on, and suffers, if not directly, yet for Annaline. Sir Harry, as my brother, I know you will see to this."

"I will," he replied.

Lady Eglingham tried to pacify her, but a mother's and a woman's spirit had been roused to anger, and it was not an easy task. No sooner did she reach the castle than she hurried to the drawing-room; it was empty; she went onward, and found Mr. Batholik alone in an inner sitting-room. She firmly said—

"Here, sir," and conducted him to the staircase; "see the victim of your suspicions; tell me how you will expiate such conduct."

No sooner did Annaline see him than she uttered a cry of disgust, and started back as from a serpent, and covered her

face with her shawl, and put out her hand as if to shield herself from him. As the tears streamed down Irene's face, her dilated nostril and close shut mouth told how she despised him. Henriad's glance of fire and scornful look seemed to penetrate to his very soul. The abashed and vacant-looking philosopher turned and slunk back to the room whence Lady Eumenia had so injudiciously conducted him.

Annaline's spirit was so deeply lacerated that it was past the power of Lady Eumenia or any of them to pacify her: tears gushed from her eyes at intervals, and sobs burst forth as if her heart was broken; at length nature found some remedy for her grief; she rested her throbbing head on Lady Eumenia's bosom, and sleep stole over her wearied frame; yet even in sleep the silent tear bedewed her closed eyelids.

She awoke with her mind composed,

but with an accession of fever that induced Lady Eglington to send for medical advice.

The Marquesa had entered the room while she was sleeping; though she said little, it was evident that she was concerned and angry. As soon as Anna-line awoke and saw her, she said with a degree of firmness that astonished Lady Eumenia—

“ If I were able I would this night return to my convent; to-morrow nothing shall prevent my seeking an asylum there against insults too detestable to name; the Marquesa di Sularia will not refuse the request of an insulated orphan.”

At these words she put her arm round Lady Eumenia, turned away her head, and wept. The cautious dame made no reply; but with imitative kindness tried to soothe her. At length Lady Eumenia induced her to repose, and expressed a wish that every one should leave her.

Marenzo returned to the castle soon after the events had occurred of which we have spoken. The scene he had witnessed, the manner in which he had been compelled to suppress his feelings, re-kindled his half extinguished wrath, and now his anger seemed to know no restraint. He forgot his promise to Lady Eumenia, and sought with eagerness the object of his vengeance. He strode into the room where Batholik had retired, and fixed on him his firm and fiery eye, then, with a voice so loud and scornful that it made him tremble, vociferated—

“ You, sir, are the man whose despicable and degrading conduct alone protects him from the punishment he merits. If I thought that you could either comprehend or feel the severity of silence, I should have treated you with mere contempt. It is fortunate for you that the spotless woman you have insulted so basely is not my sister, or ere this your pardon would have been obtained on

your knees, or your crime expiated by the forfeit of your life. What, sir, have you to plead as an excuse for this barbarous, this mean-spirited lurking for prey?"

These last words were uttered with a voice so loud that Irene, who was passing, though much alarmed, walked in, and with great presence of mind said to Mr. Batholik, "My uncle wishes to see you directly."

The awe-struck philosopher was too happy in the opportunity of escaping; as he passed he stammered, "We shall meet, I hope, again."

Marenzo was about to reply when Irene's eye caught his; it asked him, more powerfully than language could have done, to forbear. He stopped his accents as they sought for utterance, and gazed upon Irene. As the door closed he said with ardour yet with gentleness—

“Who made Irene the guardian angel of that man?—nay, I ought rather to say of me; for I should have transgressed the promise I made to Lady Eumenia even more than I have done, if you had not subdued me. What was anger given for, if on such occasions we are not to use it?”

She, still pale, replied—

“I do not wonder at your being angry, but as my uncle and aunt are much afflicted at the occurrence, were you to quarrel with that man it would afflict them still more.”

Marenzo rejoined—

“Irene pleads for peace, an embassy that would be heard by me, though my feelings had carried me even farther than they have: if men could always have such monitors, peace would reign here below.”

Lady Eumenia now entered the room,

and immediately charged Marenzo with having broken his promise.

He pleaded guilty; she was instantly disarmed; then continued—

“ Annaline firmly declares that she will return to-morrow to her convent; but that of course she must not do. Mr. Batholik must go. Even if she was determined, I fear that she will be too ill to rise from her bed.”

Marenzo, whose anger was rising again at this intelligence, eagerly said—

“ What, has that wretch begun to dig her grave?”

Lady Eumenia looking at him asked—

“ What, cannot the calm Marenzo curb his wrath against a reptile?”

“ He never before had his feelings so tried,” was the reply.

She felt the force of his remark; for a noble and generous nature bursts forth in ungovernable fury at unjust suspicions



as quickly as the fabled goblet breaks to atoms at the contact of the deadly poison.

Mr. Batholik entered Sir Harry's study and found him with Lady Eglingham. She had been crying, and the Baronet was evidently both hurt and angry. As she left the room she looked at Mr. Batholik and said—

“I am sorry that I was so weak as not to prevent this system of motive-hunting from being carried so far.”

Some minutes elapsed before Sir Harry spoke; he then said—

“Batholik, our fathers were friends, and we have been from our childhood on the same familiar footing. As your friend I shall now make known to you my sentiments on this painful occurrence: remember it is the duty of friendship to speak to his friend as if he were speaking to himself. I know the sterling qualities you have, and I am equally aware how

fast some weaknesses have grown on you within these few years. Among them is a wish to be distinguished and looked up to by women, a propensity in men that generally ends in disappointment and often in separations between the best of friends; for a woman who bestows admiration on a man for any quality with which he is endowed will generally expect a return, at least I never met with many who did not; that return must be not only a high estimation of their characters and understandings, but an admiration of their persons. You have perchance found out the truth of this long ago. Another of your greatest failings is attributing motives for the actions of others; and supposing that the simplest and the youngest are always pursuing a connected system, and that their objects are seldom of an amiable nature. Few people have sufficient strength of mind to pursue a system. A considerable

portion of the actions of mankind are prompted by either latent or superficial vanity, to which is added a mixture of half formed feelings, reasons, and wishes. Self interest and lower feelings prompt another and not an inconsiderable portion. Some motives prompt the remainder which prove man majestic though in ruins. I do not think that your intentions respecting that pure and pious girl were malevolent or intentionally unkind: but, Batholik, they were founded in weakness, they were unseasonably continued, and then ended in folly, and in conduct which on reflection you will not call generous nor high minded. The full effects on poor Annaline are not yet known; the report of the physician is not favourable. You may have to stem the anger of Marenzo; I know his kind and noble nature, and I know too that he is firm and has an unbending sense of justice. Unless Lady Eglingham and my sister

can win him to sign a treaty of peace, I will not answer for the consequences. Batholik, this occurrence has damped not only my happiness but the pleasure of all my family and guests. The cause removed, at least for a season, may restore us; and when we meet again I shall rejoice to see the companion of my childish days and of my manhood what he was before he allied himself to motive-hunters and sought for the undistinguished approbation of women."

He held to him his hand, and, before Mr. Batholik could reply, left him.

Not more than a few minutes had elapsed when Andrew entered the room, and said with most respectful gravity—

"The chariot, sir, is at the door; is it for you? I heard so, and told your man Fulbin to pack your portmanteau. Why, sir, you looks unwell; I hope the tower wasn't damp, it wan't in my day; but times is different now."

"Very well," replied Mr. Batholik.

"Then I'll tell him, sir," said Andrew; who, on reaching the hall, called out—

"Fulbin, bring the cloak and port-manteau."

Lady Eglingham, as she crossed the hall, silenced him by saying—

"Andrew, your master is waiting for you at the cottage; go directly."

He immediately ran off to find his master, who had not been seen since the morning, which gave Mr. Batholik an opportunity of leaving the castle.

At dinner a general forced conversation, without wit and without merriment, occupied the party. In the evening Sir Harry read; the remainder worked and were nearly silent. Once or twice Mr. Bevirode asked Mrs. Kilgrim, "If she knew what affairs of importance had called her friend away."

Two or three times Boley attempted to get up a laugh, which failed, and silence again ensued.

The Marquesa had remained in Annaline's room with Lady Eumenia, and was alarmed when she heard that her feverish symptoms did not abate: she retired late and desired that she might hear the earliest accounts of her in the morning. Lady Eumenia sat by the side of her bed and watched over her with maternal care.

## CHAP. VII.

**BEFORE** Sir Harry retired to rest a long conversation took place between him and Marenzo. It was thought advisable that he should go in a few days to London to procure passports, and make arrangements in the ship which was to take them to South America.

In the morning Annaline was more composed, yet suffering from stronger accessions of fever and a burning headache. Irene had been with her from a very early hour; duty to her parent and affection for her friend had induced her to rise before daybreak, that her mother might take rest.

The silent attention and ready anticipation of every want, shown by these gentle and benevolent beings, afforded the sufferer all the relief that could be

obtained. When the pain was violent they spread light linen dipped in aromatic water over her throbbing temples, and breathing through it cooled and refreshed her. When from the restlessness arising from fever she deranged her pillows or coverings, one of them with silent tread approached the bed, and with fairy hand smoothed and replaced them.

Lady Eglington had despatched a messenger for her physician, who did not arrive as early as he was expected. As soon as Marenzo was acquainted with the delay he hurried for his horse and galloped to the neighbouring town.

The Marquesa, on being informed of Annaline's increasing indisposition, went to her. She knew not how to chafe the aching brow or soothe the wounded heart. Seating herself near the bed she first made many troublesome and useless inquiries, then, taking her hand, said in an assumed tone of affection—



“ Let not your mind be so troubled. Remember what La Bruyère says—‘ La vertu a celui d’heureux, qu’elle se suffit à elle-même, et qu’elle soit se passer d’admirateurs, de partisans, et de protecteurs : le manque d’appui et d’approbation non seulement ne lui nuit pas, mais il la conserve, l’épure, et la rende parfaite : qu’elle soit à la mode, qu’elle n’y soit plus, elle demeure vertu.’ ”

Lady Eumenia’s astonishment was so great at this mode of nursing and comforting a broken-hearted girl, that it was with difficulty she could refrain from stopping the Marquesa’s tongue.

She was relieved by the arrival of the physician, who immediately bled her and gave positive orders that she should be kept in a very tranquil state. Annaline was much relieved, and said, before she placed her head on the pillow, to Lady Eumenia and Irene—“ When you are ill, I only hope that I may be near to nurse

you; I have no power to thank you, but I will pray for you."

The Marquesa on entering the drawing room was accosted by Mrs. Skipley (who had been making numerous inquiries of every one that had been with Annaline) in a series of questions. After her curiosity was satisfied she deplored her indisposition, and wondered what could have caused it.

Mrs. Kilgrim thought that "the origin of it was sitting so long in an arbour that was damp, though doubtless Mr. Batholik's indiscretion might have increased it."

Mrs. Skipley remarked—"What a pretty figure the philosopher cut when the maid was beating him."

Mrs. Kilgrim forced a slight laugh and said, "He deserved it, for he should have secured a retreat; his bad generalship merited being dismissed the service."

The Marquesa drily added—"Not a very manly one; I think it is fortunate he has escaped Marenzo: I foresaw immediately that it was necessary for him to depart, and therefore I said not a word."

Mrs. Kilgrim lightly observed to her—

"Your ladyship must make allowances for natural weakness, and that prying suspicious spirit which old bachelors and maids almost always acquire. I have ever thought him an excellent creature, but one totally unfit to become a politician."

"Totally unfit," replied the dame.

Mrs. Skipley, half laughing, pertly remarked—

"Well, he's gone; so let us talk no more about him. Who comes here?"

Mrs. Kilgrim arose, looked out of the window, and immediately reseated herself, saying—

"O, it's only Marenzo."

Boley said—"His horse is very hot."

Mrs. Skipley anxiously inquired—"I

wonder where he has been; do go and see; is any thing the matter?"

Boley posted off to inquire, while Mrs. Skipley waited in so much anxiety that she discontinued working after every three stitches, yet he did not return. After some time had elapsed Miss Flanker cried out—"Why there's Boley walking with him down the shrubbery, and Marrenzo is using as many vehement gestures as an angry Frenchman; what can it mean?"

They were so desirous of knowing, that they filled the recesses of the windows, and watched until a wood hid them. They sat down and awaited his return with mingled feelings of uneasiness and curiosity. More than an hour elapsed before he came back to the castle. His embarrassment and unusual paleness were immediately perceived when he entered the room. Mrs. Skipley uttered an exclamation of surprise, and repeated her

inquiries, on what had happened. Boley answered that, "Marenzo had been for a physician, and Annaline was worse."

They were not satisfied, and endeavoured by various questions to elicit the information she wished to possess. So pressing were their inquiries that at length the distressed Boley left the room.

Mrs. Skipley and her friend conjectured that Boley's intention of watching in the tower with Mr. Batholik had been discovered by Marenzo, and that something had transpired between them. This suggestion was no sooner expressed than Miss Flanker exhibited symptoms of alarm, and at length threw herself into a violent hysterical fit, exclaiming—"O, he will kill him—O, he will kill him, a revengeful wretch!"

Salts, eau de Cologne, and other reviving scents were profusely wasted on the half sobbing, half screaming damsel. The noise attracted Mr. Bevirode, who

rushed into the room, and seeing the cause threw with violence a large vase of water and flowers over the afflicted lady, at the same time calling out—

“Open the windows and give her air; give me a lancet that I may let blood.”

The remedy and the idea of being bled restored the damsel to her senses.

As it was evident to every one present that Miss Flanker had affected this hysterical fit, no one could help smiling at the prompt and efficacious remedies administered by Mr. Bevirode. As the fit gradually subsided, his attention and tenderness increased. At length Miss Flanker looked at her new yellow silk and lace, and, seeing that it was entirely spoiled, cried out—“Now only see, that nasty fellow has totally ruined my new twilled silk and Valenciennes lace.”

Mr. Bevirode gravely observed—

“Better that your gown should be

spoiled than that your nerves should be so dreadfully shaken."

She replied as she went to take off her dripping vestments—"A strange way indeed to recover a lady from hysterics."

"A very efficacious one," said the old gentleman, who could not help smiling as the words passed his lips.

When the door was closed Mrs. Kilgrim and the whole party began at once to tell him the reason of her affecting the hysterical fit. Mr. Bevirode assumed at their recital a very grave look; after a few remarks he left them as if much struck with their account. The seriousness of his manner had an effect on them; and silence prevailed for some time, when Mrs. Kilgrim broke it by saying—

"Well, I have just been thinking who this Annaline is that occupies so much of our attention, and about whom all this

fuss is made, a mere dependant on a Spanish lady; one would really think that she was a personage of some consideration; people in that station are seldom contented, and care not in what way they get out of it."

Mrs. Skipley accorded with her, and added—

"If she was not a nun, and if one knew who and what she is, she would pass unnoticed like other people of her station; but the mystery about her has excited the attention of every body. I would give the world to know if she is to be sick much longer."

Mrs. Kilgrim said in a low tone—  
"When her alarm subsides, I dare say that she will be quite well—conscious innocence seldom begets fever of any kind."

A footstep attracted Mrs. Skipley's attention, who going to the window made



known that, "Sir Harry and the Marquesa were in close conversation walking towards the woods." Before any remark was made on this intelligence the report of pistols was heard. They gazed on each other, and Mrs. Kilgrim showed some signs of agitation and asked, in a hurried manner, "Where Lady Eglingham was to be found," and left the room.

When the door was opened Andrew was distinctly heard saying—

"What can be the matter? surely they ha'nt a got a fighting; such sad doings was never heard of in my day; but then times was different."

Mrs. Skipley ran down stairs, and half out of breath asked—"What is the matter? who has fought? who is killed and wounded?"

Andrew replied—"La, save me, ma'am, is any body killed or wounded?"

sure what different times ; but, ma'am, what makes you think that there is killed and wounded on the premises ?”

“ The report of pistols, Andrew, and your exclamation.”

With some emphasis and a look of great cunning he answered—

“ As to my exclavation, that was to frighten Kitty who pinned a dish-clout to my tail for astealing of her sop in the pan ; the pistols my master and Mr. Henriad is a trying ; sure, ma'am, nobody's a going to fight ?”

Though Andrew's explanation diminished the alarm, it did not quite satisfy them, and they were uneasy until Mr. Bevirode came in with the weapons in his hand.

He had evidently been amusing himself at the expense of the alarmed ladies, and at the same time giving them an opportunity of reflecting on what the consequences of their folly might have been.

In a day or two Annaline was consi-

derably better, which made Mrs. Kilgrim think it necessary to solicit permission to visit her. It was granted, and she was accompanied by Mrs. Skipley.

There are minds in which capacity, discrimination, and energy lie partially dormant. Those who possess these high qualities and have lived in seclusion require the occurrence of circumstances to call them into action: if the general disposition is also noble and kind; if those who have directed its expansion have by precept and example cherished every kind emotion and instilled an early love of piety and peace, the general result will be a guileless, charitable, and generous character, strongly influenced by the habitual submission to the precepts of religion. When such a character enters without gradual preparation into life, unless it is supported by rank, riches, or influence, it is usually misinterpreted, and the quickness of feeling that is at-

tached to it (almost as a natural consequence) is hourly lacerated, the least unkindness deeply affects it, and if a kindred spirit is at hand it seeks by communication to heal the wounds that have been inflicted. The cross occurrences of life, the petty jealousies, the inconsiderate remarks, the despicable suspicion from which it at first suffers, confuse and sometimes deeply affect it. No sooner does some momentous occurrence transpire, than it may be observed, feeling the force and calling into action the capacity, discrimination, and discernment with which it is gifted, and tempering their first efforts, not yet under the steady guidance of reason, with the mild precepts of religion.

This was the state of Annaline when she became the victim of unworthy suspicions. She saw with quickness the general tenor of the conduct of those who had persecuted her. She remembered with accuracy many minute circumstances

which when brought together formed a whole, the cause of which she could not doubt from the effect produced. She discriminated, though not clearly, between the characters; and being satisfied with the foundations of her conduct determined to act with energy, and not to submit to persecution without resisting: yet she was influenced by charity and the heavenly feeling of forgiveness of her enemies.

The Marquesa, Lady Eumenia, and Irene were present when these two ladies came to visit Annaline. She rose from her chair to meet them and continued standing. Their congratulations and expressions of sorrow were received with mildness a little tinged with dignity. The face of Annaline portrayed some degree of resolution, yet her beaming tender eyes so softened the sterner feeling, that if she had not spoken it might have passed unnoticed. She first

looked 'steadily yet mildly at each of them, then said—

“ I thank you for your kind inquiries, because I will conclude from them that you are sorry for the injury you have done to me who never had an unkind thought of you. Mrs. Skipley when she reflects on what has passed will find that she has sometimes followed the suggestions of others, and has sometimes allowed her desire of information to influence her better feelings and her judgment. I will not attribute motives to Mrs. Kilgrim's remarks on me, nor to her conduct towards me; but leave it to herself to discover what they were. It was certainly neither kind nor generous to notice as she did the accidental meeting with me in the chestnut grove. I am at a loss to conceive why, after leaving me in the harbour, she conveyed the Marquesa to a spot where she might overlook me: what were her reasons for instigating or at

least approving of my being watched as a degraded and sinful creature, lost to every sense of honour, I know not, and do not inquire. What I have suffered may hereafter be compensated in some degree by what I have learnt. If you are sensible of having injured me, I offer you my forgiveness. The unmanly conduct of your friends I despise too much to notice farther."

The confusion of the guilty pair was so great that they made no reply. The astonishment of the Marquesa and the others left them silent. Annaline gently bowed, then sat down, and wept. The Marquesa conducted the ladies to the door, and looking fiercely at Mrs. Kilgrim said—

"Madam, you have deceived me; we must renew this conversation."

The unexpected conduct of Annaline made Lady Eumenia for a time incapable of acting with her usual ease; her warm

heart found a substitute; she sat down and pressed the weeping exhausted Annaline to her bosom, and waited for a future opportunity to speak to her.

Miss Flanker met the abashed and mortified pair as they were hastening towards one of their rooms. They asked her some trifling question, made some common-place remark, and were passing on, but their embarrassed look and earnest manner were indications to her that something had happened, so she accompanied them to their great annoyance to the room, and endeavoured by various means to learn what it was, but her efforts were vain. They were relieved from her importunities by the arrival of letters for Mrs. Kilgrim, one of them was from Mr. Batholik, which ran thus—

“ It was my wish to have sent greetings to my dear Mrs. Kilgrim long before this



time, but a severe hepatic attack prevented me. It would be a work of supererogation to recapitulate the prudential reasons which induced me to leave Bothal, they *must* have passed through *your* mind, as soon as my wish to support the honour and reputation of my friend's house had been converted into a scene of hilarity by that impudent varlet Mr. Bevirode's man, whom I expect will be instantly discharged. I suspect, *entre nous*, that the man acted under the directions of his master, whose age and insignificant person must ever render him odious to your sex ; his forwardness to prevent farther discovery may meet with a reward. I know my own sex well ; such pranks are never played without a personal object ; I feel certain that if you keep your eye in that quarter you will find that my idea is not without foundation. After the termination of my honourable intention the Spaniard acted

consistently and I was necessitated to endure his impertinence. The young lady's alarm has I dare say put her a little out of order, and she will of course add to her indisposition; but you and I, Mrs. Kilgrim, are not to be duped by Sinonian speeches and conduct. Nuns never held a high reputation when surrounded by walls and grates; the instruction and example of a convent, when these impediments are removed, will not I think be thrown away. I dare say the nymph will conform to the necessity of existing circumstances.

“The Marquesa, who was fast honouring me with her confidence, would have been fully convinced, had I remained at Bothal, that she ran the risk of performing her voyage to South America alone, unless she sailed directly. Write to me soon, and do tell me if that idle connexion between Miss Flanker and Boley seems wearing off. If you have a fair

opportunity, dissuade her from doing so marked and silly a thing; it is losing herself entirely. My medicinæ doctor is arrived—Adieu. When do you expect your husband from Germany? Yours ever.—BATHOLIK."

Though the indisposition of Annaline had thrown a gloom over the countenances of Sir Harry and several of his guests, Mr. Bevirode and Henriad exerted themselves with some success in exciting the gaiety of the party. Even the Marquesa joined in the effort, because she knew that the cheerfulness of those who have been injured is usually a means of revenge against those who injure, since they are in some degree incapacitated from joining in it, and are mortified that their power has not been more felt.

The Marquesa took no notice of Mrs. Kilgrim, but left her in suspense, until

the length of time that had elapsed induced her to conclude that nothing farther would transpire; then she publicly requested a private interview with her. Mrs. Kilgrim with considerable agitation followed the stern and haughty dame. When they were seated in a retired room the Marquesa kept her unchanging eye fixed on the countenance of the alarmed Mrs. Kilgrim, and spoke to her in a strain which she knew would never be repeated and was not likely to be resented—

“ Madam, my age and experience told me, after I had been in your company for a few days, that you knew but little of your own mind and still less of human nature. It was evident to me that Anna-line had become an object of curiosity and suspicion; some other observations led me to conclude that you would soon communicate to me what was weakly and unjustly suspected by yourself and others,

and that you would lose no opportunity of watching for incidents which you supposed might corroborate those opinions. The facts have shown that my convictions were correct. But, madam, I never expected that you would attempt to deceive me, which you did when you met me and conducted me to a spot from whence I could overlook the arbour in which Annaline sat. You did not communicate to me that you had been there and had seen Marenzo arrive. It was from the artless Annaline I learnt that circumstance. Your instigating Mr. Batholik to watch in the tower proved your own and his weakness, to use no harsher term. Madam, our acquaintance must cease; and I shall communicate to Sir Harry the manner in which you deceived me."

The dame as she uttered these last words arose and stalked out of the room before Mrs. Kilgrim could sufficiently collect herself to reply; and though she

afterwards made several efforts, the Marquesa would never wait to listen.

The circumstances were made known to Marenzo by the Marquesa, and through Henriad they reached others, and gave Mr. Bevirode many opportunities of keeping up the remembrance of the transactions in the minds of these idle women.

When Annaline became a convalescent the attention and tenderness of Sir Harry and Lady Eglington soothed her, and proved to her that they had suffered much at the unworthy manner in which she had been treated. Lady Eumenia and her daughter had been her unremitting attendants; the sweetness of disposition and the cheerfulness of Arabel had also contributed to her amusement, and excited her affection.

The Marquesa had not been backward in her attentions; but they partook so little of true tenderness that they were

evidently shown. because she thought it customary. Her manner towards Annaline had undergone considerable alteration; she made her more her companion, and when she addressed her it was in a style that proved she highly appreciated her understanding. She told her many things relating to herself and son, but none of these stories were such as could yield a clue to any discovery, or that could lead to any result. They were communications wearing the garb but not possessing the substance of confidence. A means often pursued by the cunning and selfinterested to elicit the confidence of those whom they intend to dupe.

Annaline's manner to her persecutors carried conviction of the nobility and elevated nature of her soul, and made them sensible of her superiority and of their unwarrantable conduct. Even Miss Flanker was surprised, but said that "She could not comprehend any thing so fine and

sentimental as Miss Annaline, and hoped that it would wear off as she became more acquainted with the world, since she was sure that it would not answer there at all."

During Annaline's illness Marenzo had sought opportunities of riding and walking with Irene, when, at her mother's importunities, she left the chamber of her sick friend. Her suavity of manner and good disposition rendered her to him a soothing and delectable companion. The warm hearted and sensible remarks she made on Annaline increased the pleasure he derived from her converse, and heightened his opinion both of her heart and understanding.

Marenzo was deeply interested for the woman who had suffered through his unintentional indiscretion: he would not have dared to own that her beauty and character had added much to the interest. His varied information and the kind-



heartedness so often apparent in his conduct had gained the esteem of Irene and rendered his society agreeable to her. They were usually accompanied by Sir Harry, Henriad, or some of the party.

When Marenzo thought of Annaline, her simplicity of heart, the superiority of her abilities, (which discovered itself to him by the combinations which were rapidly formed in her mind when, to her, new circumstances occurred;) and her graceful and imposing beauty seemed to him gems of the purest water. He remembered that she had suffered through him, and his high esteem became tinged with feelings of a more tender nature. When he thought of her being his companion for months on the dreary ocean, and then his fellow traveller over a wild and thinly peopled country where they were to remain he knew not how long, he could scarcely curb the rising wish to become bound to her by closer ties. His

affection would soon have kindled into ardent love, but his mind continually dwelt on the mysterious things that had happened to him, and brooded over the suspicions which had been excited. He was satisfied that the Marquesa had reasons for wishing him not to be allied to Annaline. He was secretly apprehensive that farther attempts would be made on his life, and therefore suppressed every dawning thought concerning her, excepting those which related to her safety and comfort. His intercourse with Irene might, imperceptibly to himself, have prevented the germs of affection for Annaline from shooting forth and flourishing as they grew. For Irene he felt affection and esteem unmingled with the smothered sensations which existed for her friend. His approaching voyage, his want of fortune, and other reasons prevented the thought from remaining longer than to be banished as chimerical.

Since he had been an object of suspicion, his thoughtfulness had evidently increased: lest his friends should suppose that this had caused it, he often forced his conversation, and would be gay only to suffer from increased melancholy when alone. He postponed his departure until he had an opportunity of conversing with Annaline, whose wishes respecting her voyage he was desirous of learning.

Before that opportunity occurred, Annaline had sought the counsel of Lady Eumenia; being alone with her, she said—

“When a pathless ocean separates me from you and from my beloved mother the Abbess, to whom shall I look for solace in affliction? I cannot drive away the thoughts that haunt me; I shall be bereft of every earthly stay. Do not think me an ungrateful creature when I own that I do not wish to go with the Marquesa di Sularia. She has claims on me,

but when I tell her, that it is my wish to pass my remaining years within a convent's walls; that I feel desolate and unfit to mingle with the busy world; and that I have a constitution too delicate to bear the sultry climate to which she is going; surely she will not wish to detain me. I cannot be of service to her; I know that I must become a burthen to her. Why am I to be carried there with her?"

Lady Eumenia, whose affection for this desolate girl had increased until her deepest interest was excited, heard without surprise her sentiments. She had held several conversations with Marenzo, and had learnt from him some things which led her to believe that he was desirous, for her welfare, that she should remain in her former asylum. The wishes of Annaline according with it made her solicitous that the end should be obtained. As she had not considered the manner in

which she should aid her in accomplishing it, she replied—

“Indeed I have wondered why you should be taken to a distant region, since the disparity in years, and the dissimilarity in character between you and the Marquesa, render it impossible that she can desire to have you as a companion. You will, on the voyage, and during the journey, be more in need of assistance than capable of bestowing it. I agree with you, that to remain in the convent until her return, would be the wiser plan.”

Annaline rejoiced at finding her friend according with her in opinion, and with some earnestness proposed writing to the Abbess.

Under different circumstances, Lady Eumenia would have advised her to solicit the Marquesa to accede to her wishes, but in the present instance she had

grounds for believing that, some mysterious reasons induced this impenetrable woman to take her to a distant region. She saw that with her Annaline would be miserable, and that in case of her death she would be cast on the wide world without a home, without a friend; and therefore deemed it prudent to obtain all the assistance that could be had before the consent of the Marquesa to her remaining in the convent was requested, and so sanctioned her writing to the Abbess, and left her to fulfil the intention.

Lady Eumenia sought Marenzo, and made known to him in confidence, what had transpired between them. He placed his hand upon his forehead while a look of perplexed and anxious thought overspread his brow; at length with a deep toned voice and great emphasis he said—

“She is right; I would give a life to preserve hers here, since I doubt if I shall have the power of saving my own in the

country whither we are going ; then what would become of her ? I will talk with Henriad on this matter."

His look and manner alarmed her, and she said—

" Marenzo, be more explicit ?"

He answered—

" That I cannot be ; but exert every thought to compass her remaining here, and trust me, when I venture to foretell, that if you succeed you will reap happiness at having served a being who seems enveloped in more mystery than is consistent with right. I will see Annaline before I depart to-morrow morning. Remember I am eager to expiate the misery I have brought upon her by any exertion or sacrifice that I can make ; time hurries on, so, my friend, for awhile farewell."

Lady Eumenia remained for a long time pondering on his words, his look, and manner, and then went full of thought and sorrowful at heart to her room, and

there unbosomed herself to her confidant Irene, on whose discretion and assistance she could implicitly rely.

Irene's observation had been stimulated by her love for Annaline: she had concluded, from all she had heard and seen, that it would be far wiser for her to remain in England if it were possible to obtain the Marquesa's consent. She suggested the impolicy of poor Annaline offending her protectress, or of exciting in her any suspicion that her objects were mistrusted, which she feared would be the case as soon as Annaline's request was made. Lady Eumenia, after much conversation with her daughter, at length proposed, that Annaline should first make known her wishes to the Marquesa. If the request was peremptorily denied, it might then be made a matter of some consideration whether it should be repeated. She was of opinion that the fewer and more insignificant the sup-



porters the less probability there would be of the Marquesa's suspicions being roused, and therefore urged the necessity of keeping the men in the background, and of using their counsel when it was required.

So repugnant was the least dissimulation or stratagem to the feelings of Lady Eumenia, that if she had not been fully impressed with the conviction that she was shielding a young and innocent woman from impending dangers, no consideration would have induced her to devise any system to obtain a desired object. She even at times hesitated and half repented that she had entered on the enterprise, but her maternal feeling and natural courage soon dissipated her momentary alarm, and that temporary want of resolution, which arose from her dislike to any conduct not open and done with singleness of heart.

When Marenzo went to take leave of

Annaline, she placed in his hands a packet, and said—

“Deliver that to the Abbess of my convent, and my poor thanks will be yours; let it not be known that I have entrusted it to you. Should you lose it, remember that I wish to return there, and pass my days far from a world which I already long to leave. Farewell.”

Marenzo secured his charge, pressed her hand, and left the room.

Irene bade him adieu; as she uttered the word her voice altered a little, and her eye involuntarily followed him as he passed along the corridor. Henriad, who was with him, observed it.

## CHAP. VIII.

THE epidemic disease of motive-hunting had been considerably checked by the late events, and the disapprobation expressed by Sir Harry. Yet the disorder was not eradicated, though it did not exhibit itself in so determined a manner. Boley and Miss Flanker looked more than they thought, and so gave themselves the appearance of being wise in their own conceits, with only the pretence of possessing ideas which in fact were non-existent. Mrs. Kilgrim's attack was so virulent that it had not yielded to the remedies applied, and she vented it to her friend Mr. Batholik, in successive epistles; her first in reply, was thus—

“OF course, my dear friend, I immediately saw the propriety of the reasons

that induced you to leave us. I have no doubt that Sir Harry will at some future period do justice to your friendly intentions. I wish, with all my heart, that this redoubtable Marchioness and her—what shall I call her? dependant had not come to break up the joyfulness of our party. The assumption and stiffness of the one, the affected sentimentality and romance of the other (with strong presumptive evidence of propensities which may be admissible in the Americas or in convents) have been the annoyance of every one here. I am sure that both Sir Harry and Lady Eglington are heartily tired of their company, and will be glad when they and that detestable, glum, stupid Spaniard are gone. Your experience and knowledge of your own sex, I have no hesitation in thinking, make you attribute the right motive to little B.'s abominable contrivance. Lady Eumenia is always with that girl, who I would ven-

ture to say would be much rather left to to herself. The Marquesa has checked Mrs. Skipley for the undisguised manner in which she endeavoured to penetrate the motives of that, I must say, artful convent pupil. If the old dowager had said a fifth part as much to me, I should very soon have satisfied her that we live in a free country and are not to be tonguetied. Now, I am going to touch on a more tender point. Miss Flanker is on the whole a charming woman; she is to be sure a little *gauche*, a little brusque, and not particularly refined; but all these are improvable faults under a skilful tutor; and who so skilful as yourself? I must say that I think you ten times more suited to her than Boley, who is only a very tolerable retailer of scandal; and as no one believes his tales farther than they please, he is amusing when Punch is not within reach. The habit of giggling has grown on him so happily, that he could laugh at

his own shadow so immoderately that he would make an Heraclitus laugh in his tub. (Heraclitus was the laughing philosopher who lived in a tub, was he not? and Dionysius the crying one? *You* can tell me, I know, all about them when you write). But where am I wandering? among classic fields. When one converses with you, I know not how it is, one is led away to them. Entre nous, I think that Miss F—— is tiring of Fat-sides, and asks and talks a great deal about my learned friend, who I think might crown himself with victory in the fields of love as well as he does in those of learning. Truth will out—You see I never can help telling it.

“The Spaniard is going to London; I wish the others would take themselves off too. Mr. Bevirode toddles about as usual, and seems to amuse some of the party—he never will me. Lady Eumenia says that ‘he is an excellent

creature;' but you know she defends any body. Well, I must now say that I hope to hear from you soon, and that I am yours ever—KATHERINE KILGRIM."

Lady Eumenia had mentioned to her sister and Sir Harry the wish that Annaline had expressed to remain in England. She added some reasons for her desire of promoting it, and told her apprehensions in case of the Marquesa's death or displeasure. Sir Harry had heard from Marenzo the tale of what had happened to him, and had strenuously advised him to try and put an end to the intended voyage. His warm and tender heart had been touched by Annaline's sufferings; and his esteem called forth by the manner in which she had conducted herself; therefore he entered warmly into the scheme.

His acquaintance with the Marquesa had commenced when his life was saved

by Marenzo. She had received him at her residence and treated him with hospitality during a tedious recovery from the wounds that had been inflicted by the marauders. His desire to show the remembrance of this kindness had never decreased; and as soon as he knew that the Marquesa was to visit England, he earnestly requested her to pass that time with him. When he heard that Annaline was to accompany her, he made no remark; yet wondered why neither the Marquesa nor Marenzo had told him of her being a resident in England, that Lady Eglington might have paid her all the attention that a friend of the Marquesa might expect at his hands.

His conjectures were vague even after he had heard Marenzo's tale, for he could see no farther into the affair than before; yet he was strongly impressed with the opinion that she was to be carried to a far distant country, for reasons known



perhaps only to the Marquesa and her son: these reasons, since the attempted assassination of Marenzo, he thought might be far from good. He not only desired to see her remain in England, but approved of Lady Eglington's proposal of her living with them, and decided on making the offer if the Marquesa objected to her returning to the convent.

As Lady Eumenia and those interested in the welfare of Annaline were observed to be now and then together, Mrs. Skipley's desire to ascertain the cause increased with the difficulties that were opposed to her obtaining the gratification of her curiosity. After fruitless attempts to learn it from Henriad and Irene, she determined to try if she could succeed better with Annaline. Her first assays to win her society were partially successful; they might have been more so if her self confidence had not increased faster in proportion than her success warranted.

She did not consider nor even observe that she had an awakened intellect to overreach more powerful than her own, and one aware of the duplicity of the person attempting to gain her confidence. Her attentions, her toning her conversation as much as she could to that of Annaline, led her at first to hope that she was willing to atone for her former acts of injustice; but when Mrs. Skipley's curiosity got the start of her caution, Annaline first conjectured her object; the conjecture was rejected as an unworthy suspicion; as the means became more marked she became more cautious; this caution stimulated the curiosity of Mrs. Skipley until she could hold out no longer, and she suddenly asked—

“Why are you and Lady Eumenia and the rest of you so often together, and what are you so serious about?”

Annaline was for a moment surprised; then replied—

“ I am sorry that I cannot gratify your curiosity ; I must beg you never to ask me questions which if I were to answer would lead me to communications which can be made only to those who can truly be called friends.”

Mrs. Skipley, quite astonished, said—

“ I thought that you would have considered me as one deserving of that name.”

Annaline replied—

“ I hope that in time I may esteem you as one ; but suspicion and friendship cannot exist together. I have but few secrets ; that which you wish to be informed of now you soon will know.”

“ I can wait,” cried Mrs. Skipley as she danced towards the door.

Henriad entered the room as she was going away. He had become more acquainted with Annaline since her recovery, and sought many opportunities of conversing with her, and of testifying

both his esteem and the deep interest he felt for her welfare. His conversation to her was marked with thought and clear reasoning. His observations on others and on life showed him to be intimately acquainted with the inconsistency and infirmities of humanity, and of those associations which when watched and traced often give a clue to the general structure of the mind. There was a tenderness in his attentions that told her, unless he had a rein on his feelings, he would be hurried away by them before his reason approved of the principle of the action.

Tenderness in the attentions of men, when genuine, is too valuable a quality to pass unnoticed and unfelt by woman.

He told her that Lady Eumenia was coming to give her the account of the interview of Marenzo with the Abbess, and that she might expect to hear from her directly. In the course of a short time

Lady Eumenia and Irene came in, and Marenzo's letter was read—

“THE sun was setting when I reached the convent. I accosted near the door a father confessor, and besought him to make known to the Lady Abbess that a stranger wished to speak with her. He showed some symptoms of surprise, muttered a few words, then entered the convent door. He soon returned, and civilly yet laconically said—‘ I must be the bearer of your name and business, for the hour is passed in which the Abbess receives any one.’ I told him my name, and that I had something that I was to deliver to her from one well known to her. He looked incredulous, hesitated, then drew his cowl over his face, and re-entered the convent; he soon returned and desired me to enter. As he passed me he fixed his eye steadily on me, then turned, gazed, and said in a low emphatic

voice, 'Marenzo,' and walked away. If this is the nuns' confessor, I think his presence would be penance enough for all their peccadilloes. I reached a low gloomy room; the Abbess approached the grate, and with an affable voice asked my business. I gave her the packet: before she opened it she looked steadfastly at me, then withdrew. Several of the nuns passed and looked at me. I heard one say, 'I wish I might speak to him and ask after dear Annaline.' I saw two blue eyes full of tenderness and sense, her hair was in ringlets and of a soft light brown; who she was of course I could not tell. As soon as I heard the wish expressed, I said—'Annaline is fast recovering, and may again be with you.' At these words a beam of delight illumined the lovely brow; and the person ran away uttering a cry of joy. In a little while the Abbess returned and said—'General Marenzo, can

you wait and come to-morrow by matins, and I will then have prepared a reply?" I went and received a parcel which I am to deliver with my own hands to Annaline. I never beheld a more maternal brow than the Lady Abbess has; there is in it something so peculiar and striking that I shall never forget it. To-morrow I shall set out for Bothal, since the ship is so well arranged that few alterations are necessary. The passports will be sent to me from our ambassadors. I should have written before, but Sunday intervened after my arrival, and the next day I came too late from the ship to send my letter.—MARENZO."

When Lady Eumenia had read the letter, Annaline remarked—"This only informs us that he delivered the packet, saw Frances and Sinfano, and has a letter for me, which I am anxious to read."

Lady Eumenia left them. Henriad,

with a few prefatory words and a manner that made evident the deep interest he felt, entered on the subject of her returning to the convent.

“If you obtain permission of the Marquesa to return to your asylum, I hope your sojourn there will only be temporary. How long do you suppose her ladyship will be absent?”

She replied—

“I have no idea what time the voyage will occupy, or how long she intends to stay in America. My hope is that I may become a sister of our order.”

Henriad continued—

“I know that you will forgive me when I advise you to think long and calmly on so momentous a point. Immuring yourself within the silent walls of a cloister for life may be an act of which you may hereafter repent. Could you not live there as a boarder?”

Annaline replied—



“ If the Marquesa so pleased I might; but her bounty must defray the expense: as a sister I become a member of the community, and do not burthen any one. I have already seen enough of life even on approaching the margin to wish not to advance farther on its stormy waters.”

Henriad with some earnestness said—

“ Think not, Annaline, that the ocean of life is always defaced by storms; clouds will lour and tempests roar; but anxieties, adversity, and sorrow are only the means ordained by Providence to make us thankful when the sun of prosperity enlivens our path, and the fair breath of Heaven wafts us to happiness.”

Annaline's thoughts seemed raised by his words, and she rejoined—

“ We all too well know that this state of existence is one of probation, in which our faith and dependance on Providence are very often put to the proof, so that we may learn to make ourselves fit to

receive the free gift of endless happiness. That invaluable gift may, I think, be more readily gained within a convent's walls than by stemming the adverse currents and buffeting with the storms of active life."

Henriad thus mildly opposed her—

"The more we are exposed to, and the better we endure, the trials to which we are put, the more elevated and powerful the spirit must become, consequently the better fitted to enjoy another and a higher state of existence. Remember that the field in which to exercise the talents and virtuous dispositions bestowed on us is very limited within a convent's walls."

Annaline, with more than usual warmth, replied—

"That I feel ; but I am an orphan and a woman, and one with many weaknesses ; so I should act unwisely to launch a frail and unprotected bark on an ocean of which I am ignorant, and from what I

have seen of it, turn from with dread. I have no mother, no near and benevolent relation to guide it among the breakers and quicksands of life; so I long to be in some sheltered harbour, from whence I can look in comparative safety."

Henriad gently remarked—

"I am unacquainted with the system in these places of seclusion; but I conclude that even in them mortals are not without their trials. The superiors may be harsh, the inmates not reconciled to their lots and may spread discontent, and a thousand other evils may distract them. If you dwell there for a time, do not I beseech you immure yourself for ever."

Annaline thoughtfully replied—

"Inclination almost leads me to determine on doing so; necessity may add the little weight required to weigh the balance down."

Henriad caught up her words and earnestly said—

“ Then you have a lingering hope that some happiness is to be obtained in life, and would not plunge at once into solitude and seclusion. Believe me, Annaline, you will find more means of happiness in active life than in a convent; the cares may be in proportion; but from every care may be extracted causes for satisfaction at least, if only an increased power of resignation and an increased resolution to win the gift of everlasting life.”

Annaline made no answer. A tear was ready to fall from her eye; she took up her work and drew about the threads. Henriad gazed on her unobserved, and found his interest more excited, and true sentiments of high compassion called forth at her unsettled and forlorn condition. His bosom was full of many emotions, which rose and mingled with each other, not one of them defined and clear; but the feeling arising from

them was an intense desire to aid her at any sacrifice. As he saw that her spirits were low and that half his purpose was gained, he bade her farewell for a time.

No sooner was he gone than she put down her work, and half thought, half reveried over what he had said. The current of her thoughts was checked as often as it crossed her mind that she was a dependent orphan. Wearied with the painful recollection she sought some other occupation, and wrote to her beloved Frances.

“ I WOULD not, I could not tell you, my own beloved friend, all that I have suffered since I last wrote to you. You would fire with indignation and weep with sorrow. Suffice I have been suspected of every thing horrible and detestable, and am well nigh broken hearted. If I had not been certain that almost all the persons here are concerned for the

treatment I have endured, I think that I should have died. It is past now. I forgive my persecutors and slanderers, and only desire to leave them and again return to my peaceful convent. The Marquesa di Sularia has not been unkind; but alas, she does not seem to comprehend me. After I had been insulted she calmly but very forcibly addressed Sir Harry Eglingham, who indeed appeared to feel for me, and so did his wife, whose attentions have soothed me. Lady Eumenia and her daughter Irene have been to me what my mother and my friend would, had they been here. Their souls are congenial with my own. I will try and describe the persons and general dispositions of these dear beings, for I know that you will like for my sake to picture them to your mind. Lady Eumenia is advanced in life; though she is possessed of that lesser kind of beauty which depends on features, she has that which we

were wont to admire before it; intelligence and affection beaming from her eyes, a mouth that looks as if the soul was often melancholy and yet was ever ready to utter words of kindness; her heart contains the fire of affection and friendship, which is quickly kindled into a flame that I believe is both bright and lasting. Had her ardent mind been trained in early life by a skilful hand it might have spared her many unhappy hours. I like her noble ardour, though it does sometimes lead her to express feelings opposed to her tender nature; they are transient and quickly repented of. When she saw that I was unhappy after I came, her kindness was like what our Abbess would have shown; she threw her arms round my neck and wept for me. From that hour my love for her was planted, and has sprung up and flourished, and I pray that it may grow until it entwines itself with yours around my heart. Irene is a

very lovely creature, her eyes are full of tenderness, and often recall you to my recollection; she is very similar to her mother in disposition, but not so ardent; she is kind, good, sensible, and prudent; sometimes I think her caution stops the stream of her feelings, which I would fain should flow on. Her prudence seems to arise from some apprehension that those with whom she associates may misconstrue her actions and words. From all I have suffered I sometimes am half inclined to think that she is right. They nursed me during my late illness with all the tenderness that human nature could show. They watched near me by night, they attended on me by day, they alleviated my bodily pain, and soothed my heart that was wrung with anguish and suffering the conflict of wounded pride and indignation. No words of mine can tell the fulness of my heart towards them. All they did was disinterested and from



the purest charity of feeling : I shall love them for ever, as you would if you knew them.

“I may again clasp my beloved Frances to my bosom, for I intend to solicit the Marquesa to leave me in this country; the thoughts of going with her fill me with dread. I will not dwell on this subject, but close this for to-day, as I expect to receive a letter from you in the packet which the Abbess gave *Marrenzo* for me.”

Annaline awaited the arrival of the Abbess's letter with a degree of anxiety that retarded her restoration to health. All that kindness could suggest was done by Sir Harry and others to amuse her and occupy her attention.

Mrs. Kilgrim and Mrs. Skiple were both somewhat fidgetty, which Mr. Bevirode perceived arose from seeing Annaline an object of general interest.

Some trifle originating with them gave him a fair opportunity of what he called, "improving the minds of these little ones." He began with Mrs. Skipley—

"I wonder what the object can be?"

She immediately asked—"Of what?"

"Of nothing but what is very common, Mrs. Skipley."

"There are so many common things, Mr. Bevirode, that it is impossible to guess which of them it is you mean."

Mr. Bevirode, assuming a very cunning look, said—

"What will you give me to tell you?"

"My good wishes, sir."

"That is not enough, Mrs. Skipley; suppose you get Mrs. Kilgrim to contribute her mite."

"Then," said Mrs. Kilgrim, "we will each give you a box on the ear, provided your confession is auricular."

Mr. Bevirode rejoined—"I will not be outdone in generosity, so you shall have

it gratis. I want very much to know the object to be gained by being fidgetty."

Both of them looked at him, and pretended to laugh at his gravity, at the same time they were apprehensive that his intention was to quiz them. Mrs. Kilgrim was inclined to retreat; the curiosity of her companion did not excite a similar inclination. Mr. Bevirode perceiving this assumed a gayer look and said—

"Unless you both stay I cannot confess." He then began—

"Before we can divine the object of any affection it is necessary to attempt the discovery of the cause. Now fidgettiness may arise from indigestion, pain, anxiety, &c. &c. From what does the fidgettiness I perceive in both of you arise?"

"I am not fidgetty," said Mrs. Kilgrim.

"Indeed you are mistaken," he re-

plied; "for ocular demonstration proves it to me."

Mrs. Skipley pertly remarked—

"Your whims and meagrimms make me so."

"Your generosity," continued the little man, "calls for farther information from me. The cause of your complaint is not either of those specified. I have observed the degree and quality of the complaint under which you suffer, arise from a sense of uneasiness at seeing persons by whom the patient is desirous of being distinguished, show kindness and attention to those whom the patient has injured and dislikes for no specific reason. Surely that cannot be the source of your disease."

"I do not know what you mean," said Mrs. Kilgrim, blushing.

He feigned astonishment, and said—

"I wonder if any one else is ignorant of my meaning?"

He peered round him and saw, by the

eyes of every one present, that not one could plead the same excuse; so, looking at her, he said—

“If Mrs. Kilgrim will only think for three minutes, she will find out what I mean.”

He then hummed a tune, and made towards the door saying, as he opened it—

“I will ask you again by and by.”

Mrs. Kilgrim turned her eyes towards the window without fixing them on any object; vixen was written on her nose and upper lip. After a short silence she exclaimed with a forced laugh—

“That is what some I know call pleasantry, but I never heard greater nonsense in my life: I wish Mr. Batholik was here.”

Arabel looked from her work and said—

“He would tell us Mr. Bevirode’s motive.”

The nettled lady quickly replied—

“Rather pert for seventeen, I think.”

Arabel answered—

“That reply was uncalled for, since I only praised the sagacity of your friend: I feel privileged to speak as well as Mrs. Kilgrim.”

She immediately and angrily said—

“Little girls should be seen and not heard, or sent to the nursery.”

Arabel, being stung by the retort, replied—

“A fitter place too for angry ladies than a drawing room, particularly when they know not why they are so.”

Mrs. Kilgrim threatened to tell her aunt of her conduct. Arabel replied by saying, that “She would then tell her uncle of hers.”

Here Lady Eumenia interfered, and asked Arabel to bring her some work from her room. She went out but did not return.

Sir Harry came in, and Mrs. Kilgrim immediately preferred her complaint. He said—

“Nonsense, do keep peace. You are all crazy, and have made me and others unhappy by your bickering and watching and folly. Arabel is a dear girl, and I see that you are in a pet; so, Katherine, do not suppose that you may not be just as much in error as she is. It is the first time I ever knew such squabbling here. If Marenzo comes to-morrow night, I will have every soul in the house dancing, and see if that will not restore us to something like what we were.”

He inquired where Lady Eglingham was; then left the room and Mrs. Kilgrim in high dudgeon.

After some time Lady Eumenia observed—

“I foresaw that this would be a part of the result of the late proceedings. My brother is vexed, and we, who ought

to continue in the harmony and love in which we have hitherto lived, are becoming alienated. Those who are conscious of being to blame must forget what has passed and pursue a more noble course, and one more deeply impregnated with Christian charity."

No one replied. At length they separated, some to walk and some to find amusement elsewhere.

The next day Marenzo arrived and brought Annaline the following letter:—

" MY BELOVED CHILD,

" YOUR letter has excited in me the most painful thoughts. I feel for you as a mother for a child. I have read again your letter, and see from it that your mind is more perturbed than it should be. Your affliction, my child, has been great; you have suffered the deadliest insult that could have been offered to you. I wish you had been more explicit, and had de-



tailed the causes which led to suspicions so humiliating and detestable. I conclude that some weak, malignant, and idle persons, having seized on appearances, converted them, through the medium of their distorted and base imaginations, into foundations for suspicion and observation. This conduct is not so uncommon as is generally believed. The basest and most narrow minded among clans of people, who dare and are silly enough to express these opinions to one another, often employ themselves in this way; and as they are ever prying into the affairs of others, at length become tolerated by the better members of the clan, though they are detested for their treachery and meanness.

“ I told you that here, as long as I lived, you would find an asylum and one who feels towards you as a mother. I will forward to the utmost of my ability the wish you have to remain in England.

I anticipate great difficulties will be opposed to your accomplishing it. I cannot sanction your at once taking the veil, because, in the first place, you are now a sufferer, your sorrowing heart prompts you to seek a remedy and to prevent if possible a recurrence of the misery you have endured. This you think is to be found by placing yourself for ever within the protection of a cloister. I have endeavoured to cherish harmony, love, and contentment among those over whom I preside, and my efforts have been crowned with success. Was I to die, who would succeed me I cannot say—perhaps one whose austerity would make my loss doubly felt, and convert your dwelling of peace into one of tears and misery. Your sisters may be removed by the hand of death. Your loneliness would then be worse than if you were left in the world bereft of every tie; for there you might seek various occupations, and so wean

the mind from past misfortunes. If at last you are brought down to drink the bitter cup of woe and to eat your bread steeped in tears, you can seek the refuge of a cloister. My benefactions raised me to be the Abbess here; they will allow me to retain you as my adopted child without your being compelled to take the veil. If the Marquesa can be induced to allow you to remain, come to your mother's bosom, and let her relieve you of your sorrows and pour the balm of comfort into your wounded heart, which only a mother can do. Go yourself to the Marquesa, propose the plan to her, urge it, hear all that she has to say on it; if she objects to it, tell her that I am prepared to receive you. Write to me after your interview with her, and tell me who Marenzo is. Frances would have written; but I requested her not to do so for a few days. You can in the mean time write to her. Clasp Lady Eu-

menia and Irene to your heart; you will not find many like them. Farewell."

Annaline immediately gave the letter to Lady Eumenia. It was decided that she should make her request of the Marquesa the moment an opportunity presented itself. The evening was too far advanced for her to propose it; moreover Sir Harry had put the whole house in commotion, and had despatched messengers for musicians, that every person in the castle might be dancing at the same time.

Annaline was not sufficiently recovered to join in the amusement, which gave Mrs. Kilgrim and Mrs. Skipley the opportunities of dancing with Henriad and Marenzo: both of them entering into Sir Harry's scheme so gratified these ladies that their spirits rose to a high pitch without their perceiving the cause of it. Sir Harry's hilarity increased until

at length he compelled the Marquesa to dance down a country dance with him. The whole party appeared so gratified that he looked forward to its being the foundation of future pleasure.

When the time approached for Annaline to make known her wishes to the Marquesa, her courage did not fail, neither was she at a loss for what to say; but her late debilitating illness had so reduced her physical strength, that she feared her weakness would bring on a degree of agitation which might frustrate the efforts of her mind.

She saw the Marquesa preparing to go out alone, and determined on accompanying her. Their conversation turned to the size and accommodations of the ship which was to convey them to South America, and to other topics relating to their voyage. When an opportunity permitted Annaline to enter on the subject, her heart palpitated, twice she was

on the point of speaking, but her voice refused to articulate; at length a faint sensation came over her and she began to tremble. The Marquesa perceiving it, immediately hastened back with her to the castle, and attributed it to a premature trial of her strength. She soon recovered, but resolved not to make a similar attempt, but to write, and then prepare herself for the conversation that must ensue.

The Marquesa, though she had attributed Annaline's tremor and faintness to indisposition, suspected that some other cause had greatly contributed to it. While pondering over it in a gloomy mood she pursued her solitary walk through the woods. A storm gathered round her without her observing it; at length a vivid flash of lightning and a loud clap of thunder awoke her from her abstracted state of mind. The rain led her to seek shelter in the arbour near

which she was ; it increased until it fell in torrents ; the appearance of the clouds threatened her with being a prisoner for some time. While the storm was raging she heard the footsteps of some one approaching. Immediately after Andrew entered carrying some wild fowl which he had been to procure from the lake. He directly accosted the Marquesa, who, in the sullen mood in which she was, would have gladly dispensed with his company.

“ I asks your ladyship’s pardon, but I hopes you a’n’t wet?”

“ Not at all so,” was the reply, uttered in that tone which would have stopped any one’s tongue but Andrew’s ; he, not the least abash’d, continued—

“ Then your ladyship’s more lucky than me, for I’m as wet as a waterfowl. A fine climate in Portingale, a’n’t it, my lady?”

This attack the Marquesa neither expected nor understood ; she was silent

for a moment, then, as if compelled to answer, said—

“Yes.”

“I always heard so, my lady: we hadn’t here such summers as these twenty and thirty year gone, but then times was different. Very hot, my lady, in Portingale, a’n’t it?”

“Yes;” again replied the surly dame, as she turned her head a little on one side with a look that bespoke her annoyance; which Andrew observing, said—

“No offence, I hopes, my lady; but I have been always hanxious to get knowledge, and so I inquired about Portingale, because I knowd that your ladyship had been there; when I was young I longed to travel into foreign parts, but times was different then.”

“How long, do you think, I shall be detained here?” asked the Marquesa.

“Why, my lady, the matter of half an hour. I think, my lady, that we sha’n’t



have no fine weather yet, for through them clouds is the moon; I have always noticed that when he turns on his back with his horns up that we may expect a breeze and rain: didn't your ladyship never observe that?"

The Marquesa, who neither understood the man's character nor what he said, stared at him as if she suspected him of being an idiot, at length muttered—

"Then I must have patience."

"A difficult science, my lady, easier talked about than practised. When I had the rhematiz four year gone, I had need on't, and so larnt it, and makes practice of it now."

"Yes:" again answered the Marquesa, who was more inclined to think him insane. Andrew continued—

"Ah, my lady, I am now three score and two, and though I never was married, have seen little more than evils of one sort and t'other. When I was sick of

the rheumatiz and not able to stir hand nor foot, there was Mrs. Jobson a jilting me, my master sick, and all at sixes and sevens, and as I laid abed thinking of my troubles, I couldn't help likening of a man sore afflicted, and with so many evils beside, to a man with the rheumatiz, who couldn't move, worried by a covey or two of hungry fleas, and that's what I liken'd en to, but I gets experience, for times was different then. In Portingale, where 'tis so hot, my lady, there's a main lot of fleas, a'n't there, my lady?"

This question so annoyed the angry damè that she did not reply. Andrew, who was wont to ask questions on the object of his curiosity, or on the last idea that had entered his mind, was not to be silenced by a cross look; so he persevered in his attack on the Marquesa, who could not escape on account of the rain, and could not yet bring herself to tell him to hold his tongue, but remained suf-

fering from a mixture of ill humour, irritation from being interrupted, and the obtrusive impertinence of Andrew.

He had long been anxious to obtain an interview with her, to ascertain, for his own satisfaction, whether she approved of his incarcerating Mr. Batholik. His object was to lead her on in a conversation until he thought that he had arrived at the point when he could revert to the subject. Her ladyship's hauteur and sullen deportment had frustrated him, so with an expression compounded of cunning, curiosity, and impudence, he said—

“ Now wasn't your ladyship pleased with my shutting peeping Tom into Flop's room ?”

The surly dame, turning to him, asked—

“ What, sir, do you mean by thus familiarly addressing me? I beg you either to be silent or to be gone.”

“ La now, who would a thought that

your ladyship would be so angry at my scheme to protect that charming young lady of your'n? If he had his desarts he should be well ducked. Your ladyship would have laughed to see the way I handed en out. I never know'd the like here in my day; but then times was different."

"Sir, I command you to be silent," said the Marquesa in an authoritative tone.

"Yes, my lady;" replied Andrew, and in a moment after went on—

"An I had thought that your ladyship would have taken it so to heart, I would never have done it; but the world was always ungrateful to me. I hopes, my lady, that the folks in Portingale a'n't so?"

The Marquesa's irritation at this continued persecution rose still higher; she was at a loss what to do or say, so she contented herself with looking at him while he continued talking and asking questions, in which he would have per-

severed, if Marenzo had not arrived with a little covered vehicle for the Marquesa, whom he learnt had walked in the direction of the harbour. They proceeded to the castle, leaving Andrew to soliloquize on his interview.

Annaline retired early, and employed herself in writing to the Marquesa; to whom the next morning her servant delivered this letter.

“ WHEN I consider the deep debt of gratitude I owe to you for having supported and educated me, I own that my heart misgives me and my resolution fails at my writing to you to make a request which may appear imbued with ingratitude. Indeed I am not ungrateful, but the thoughts of leaving for ever my former peaceful home, and going to an unhealthy climate, fill me with dread. These considerations may be deemed selfish, but perhaps on examination they

may not prove so. Unacquainted with the world, delicate in constitution, and not gifted either with energy or buoyant spirits, it seems that I shall become a burthen to you instead of being useful to you or being able to contribute in the least degree to your comfort. I have, moreover, a very strong desire to pass my days within the recesses of a cloister. The pleasures and all the things sought in the world with avidity have no attractions for me. I now solicit one favour, which will multiply a hundred fold the cause I have of being grateful, and which if you will grant me shall be the last I will ever ask, and for which I must feel for ever thankful. My request is, that you will permit me to return to my convent, to dwell there and be forgotten."

The Marquesa read this letter without surprise, for she had long expected that

the request would be made. Now her object was to avoid complying with it, in a manner that would not appear even tinctured with authority, and which would call forth as few remarks as possible. She feared to show the former when she could not enforce it; and she had sufficient reasons for wishing to avoid investigation to pursue the latter plan. She now perceived the extent of the error she had committed in not studying the character of Annaline before she brought her from the convent, instead of concluding that splendour and gaiety would charm her, as it would have done a great proportion of those who had followed the monotonous system of a convent during that period when vivacity and imagination and the hopes of early life are in their fullest bloom. She regretted that she had not left her there until the day of her departure, and until

the time when she could not escape from her authority. She was desirous of ascertaining from her if she had any recollections of her earliest years, or any knowledge of circumstances which related to her, and which she could only discover by winning her confidence.

The Marquesa did not reply to her letter, but meeting her as she entered the breakfast room she put her arm round her and pressed her to her with the appearance of affection. Marenzo and Henriad observed it, and their countenances fell; for they knew that, when hardness of feeling apes tenderness, pride humility, rank condescension, or power submission, there are grounds for mistrusting the imitator. Their eyes met, and they saw that each had given up the hope that she would consent to Annaline's request.

The unusual cheerfulness of the Mar-



quesa during breakfast did not pass unnoticed. Poor Annaline thought it so favourable an omen that she deemed her request as granted, and her spirits kept pace with those of the woman whom she thought her benefactor.

Lady Eumenia and Irene were both doubtful of the issue, and awaited it with the anxiety that true friendship looks for the success of a friend. After the repast was over the Marquesa and her petitioner went away together, and as if by mutual understanding walked to a retired room. Annaline's heart beat quicker, and in her throat she felt a fulness which seemed to deprive her of the power of utterance. She made an effort, held her breath for a moment, and thus attained considerable self-possession.

The Marquesa took her by the hand, then pressed her to her bosom, and after a few moments, said—

“I thought that what has happened to you of late would recall the wish you expressed before to return to your convent. I have lived long and have seen the motives of the actions of others attempted to be ascertained; but indeed I never saw the attempt more cruelly practised on one as young as you are. Be not disgusted with the world yet; there is much to enjoy in it, and that enjoyment I wish to be the means of your reaping. Though I look to you for some of the comfort of my declining years, still my affection for you will enable me to relinquish my hopes, if your heart is bent on leaving me.”

This style of address left Annaline almost without the power of urging her suit farther, at length she said—

“I am an orphan, and feel so deeply the situation in which I am placed that I would fain seek refuge within a cloister and be forgotten.”

“ If you are apprehensive of the future, be assured, Annaline, that my connexions in South America are so numerous and my means so ample that you would be sent to England if you desired it, or the wife of my son would, I know, make your sojourn with them happy.”

“ Do not think me selfish or ungrateful; but I feel a dread haunting me, which I can scarce control when I think of the voyage and the country to which you propose to take me. Without being of use to you I shall soon fall a victim to its climate.”

“ Nay, nay, Annaline, I was not older and not so robust as you are when I first went there and it reinstated my health. The voyage will after a few days amuse you, and the magnificent country will delight you. Think a little more on this matter, and when your health improves your fears will fade away: I hope no

one has been filling your head with these vain imaginations."

"No one;" she replied. The Marquesa continued—

"Trust me, and judge of the future by the past; I prefer deeds to words, and practise that which I prefer. Let me see you cheerful, and show me that you think me what I am, your friend; by forgetting your fears, or rather by changing them for anticipated pleasures. We shall meet again by and by."

The Marquesa left the room. Anna-line sat down, and tried to compose her mind and begin to submit with resignation to her disappointment. She could not help thinking for a time that the others had mistaken the Marquesa's character, and that under so forbidding an exterior she had kindness of heart and also affection for her. Still a feeling which bore some affinity to instinct made

her recoil from the thought of loving her or of depending on her.

While occupied with these reflections Lady Eumenia came in. She immediately related to her all that had passed, and sought her counsel how to proceed.

Lady Eumenia mistrusted the specious conduct of the Marquesa, and told her that she must obtain her object by different means ; for the Marquesa would frustrate or bear down any determination that she might make. The artless Annaline observed that—

“ She had promised to yield to her request, if she had set her heart on remaining, and that she would not of course break her promise.”

“ You are right ;” remarked Lady Eumenia, “ she will not openly nor flagrantly violate her promise ; but she may pursue means equally sure to prevent you from fulfilling your present intention.”

Annaline gazed on her friend for some moments; then with emphasis exclaimed—

“Why do you think her so deceitful? Is deceit to be a leading trait in one to whom I am to look for protection, and who professes affection and friendship for me? Surely you must be in error; The Marquesa means to act kindly by me.”

Lady Eumenia with unusual seriousness and with some agitation replied—

“Heaven forbid that I should do her injustice or excite unnecessary apprehension in you. Annaline, I mistrust the Marquesa di Sularia. My friendship and affection for you prompt me to tell you my opinion, and not mine alone, but Marenzo’s and his friend’s. I doubt the tale of your mother’s death, and of your birth; I do not think that she would have secreted you in England or propose to carry you to South America,

without having some reason for doing so, and that reason we may attempt in vain to penetrate."

Annaline became much agitated, and was on the point of sinking on the ground, when she seemed to start again to life. Though her frame shook and her pale lips trembled, her eye assumed a firmer character, she drew a deep inspiration, looked first on her friend, then cast up her eyes to heaven and said—

"The worst that can happen to me is death, and death is the gate which leads to everlasting life. I will trust in Providence to guide me; and whether I go to distant regions or remain here, I will never cease attempting to unveil this mystery. Strange misgivings have long assailed me; I did not dare to doubt the Marquesa's tale, but I could never find a trace in it by which I could discover more, whether I looked back, or tried to penetrate into futurity. I have no reason

for thinking the Marquesa base; still I involuntarily recoil at her embrace, and shudder at the thought of confiding in her. My friend, you have increased my mistrust. I will endeavour to rise above fear, since I am ready to meet death, if it pleases my Creator to call me away; and death is the latent cause of almost all our fears."

Lady Eumenia perceived too late that she had been premature in her communications and somewhat unguarded in her expressions. Her ardent and affectionate feelings had outstripped her judgment. She attempted to soften down what she had said; Annaline in an emphatic yet affectionate manner prevented the attempt by saying—

"My beloved friend, you have spoken from the fulness of your heart what your calmer judgment had approved; do not apprehend that the effect of this trying



communication will be injurious to me. No, I will collect my scattered thoughts, I will pray for assistance, and await with submission the decrees of Providence. I hope that injustice will not be done by me to my protectress even in thought."

She paused for a little time; then falling on Lady Eumenia's neck, gave way to feelings of affection and expressions of tenderness that made her weep too. It was some hours before she was composed, even then her pallid cheeks and less varying expression told that her soul was troubled.

Lady Eumenia had communicated to Sir Harry and the others what had passed. They were all perplexed; and as they could not determine how to act, it was settled that they should wait a few days and avail themselves of any circumstances that might occur.

Irene had been constantly with her

friend, receiving her confidence and participating in her grief. She suggested that Annaline should get back to the convent, if only to see again her friends; for when there she could more advantageously pursue her object. When this plan was proposed, Annaline, who relied on Irene, asked with earnestness—"If it were necessary in life thus to act to obtain the fulfilment of honourable views."

"Alas," replied Irene, "in many instances it is; I, like you, would rather under every circumstance pursue a simple and a guileless course; but I am too apprehensive that my ingenuousness would be deemed hypocrisy; and stern experience has taught me that we cannot always rely on the judgment, justice, or charity of those with whom we have to act. It is only with our tried and congenial friends that we can dare to be as open as our nature prompts us to be."

“ Then, Irene, I would rather a thousand fold accustom myself to solitude or the repetition of the occupations of a convent life until habit had rendered them pleasing, than purchase all that the world can bestow at so great a price.”

END OF VOL. I.

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C. Whittingham, College House, Chiswick.



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